THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Established Aug. 4, 1821. HENRY PETERSON & CO., Publishers, No. 319 Walnut St., Philad'a.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, JUNE 23, 1866.

Price $2.50 A Year, in Advance. Whole Number Issued, 2343. Single Number 5 Cents.

A LEGEND OF SYRACUSE.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY MRS. ANNA BACHE.

'Twas long ere Friar Bacon's day,
The classic tale I tell;
No Minie balls, no Paixhan guns,
No deadly shot or shell.

When on the walls of Syracuse
The gallant archers stood;
They grasped their bows, but worn-out strings
Hung useless from the wood.

Around their feet in frantic fear
Pale women weeping lay;
Some shrieked, some sat in dumb despair,
Some, trembling, strove to pray.

"Oh! could we only keep the walls
Until the sun goes down!
The succoring hosts to-night will come,
And we might save the town.

"But useless now the marksman's skill,
The bow a useless thing;
There's not a cord in Syracuse,
One shaft of Death to wing."

These words a bleeding warrior spake
To a lady at his side,
Who strove with trembling hands to stanch
His life-blood's flowing tide.

She listened to his faltering speech,
As faint and slow it came,
And suddenly a thrill of hope
Ran warmly through her frame.

"Up, sisters! widows, wives, and maids!
Bring out your knives and shears!
For we can help fair Syracuse,
With more than sighs and tears."

Then bending o'er him, from its sheath
Her husband's dagger drew;
Unbound her raven locks and cut
Their dark luxuriance through.

"Up! up!" her cry went thrilling through
The hearts and ears of all;
Fast move the shining shears, and fast
The lovely tresses fall.

From every street in Syracuse
The eager women throng,
And kneeling 'mid the glossy spoil,
Twist *bowstrings* smooth and strong.

With hope renewed, strength waxes too—
Their bows the archers ply,
And death-commissioned on the foe
The whistling arrows fly.

And so they kept fair Syracuse
Until the sun went down;
And Woman's wit, and Woman's will,
From capture saved the town.

The Mutual Consolation Society.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY STEPHEN PAUL SHEFFIELD,

AUTHOR OF "EVE ISLE," &c., &c.

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1866, by Henry Peterson & Co., in the office of the Clerk of the District Court of the United States in and for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.]

CHAPTER XI.

It was not late when I reached Woodbine Cottage, and not feeling by any means inclined to sleep, I ascended to my room, sat down by the window, and gave my thoughts the rein. What mad gallops these thoughts of ours take now and then. The past, with its pleasures and sorrows, its hopes and disappointments, its bright dreams and dark realities is scanned as quickly as we run over the preface to a new novel, and then away we go into the future and paint pretty fancy sketches, a good deal like those your wife produced when a school girl. She thought them pretty once, and so did you when you were lovers. One or two of them are hanging in your bedroom now, and you smile as you look at them. You never saw such impossible landscapes or such sky, such terribly blue streams and intensely green hills as they represent. The illusion that they are true to anything in nature vanished long ago.

The incidents of the evening had given me abundant material for thought, but my meditations were soon interrupted by the sound of voices, and I presently saw my aunt and Bingle slowly approaching. They stopped almost beneath my window, so near I could not avoid overhearing their conversation.

"One moment, if you please," the poet said. "I have a secret which I have carried in my bosom for days and intended to keep there always, but I feel to-night that I must confess it. Will you listen to me?"

"Of course I will. Sit down on the door steps and tell me all about it. I am fond of secrets. Is there a lady concerned?"

"There is—one to whose hand I have presumed to aspire."

"Ah! I thought as much," my aunt said complacently. "Who is it? One of the Bottleworth girls?"

"Oh! dear, no," groaned Bingle, "how could you imagine such a thing?"

"Why they are literary, and I am sure it would be quite natural for a young man like you to fall in love with them—not the whole five, but one."

"Don't mention the Misses Bottleworths again if you please, my dear madam. I couldn't fix my affections upon a woman with red hair, 'pon my word I couldn't."

"The young ladies have auburn hair," my aunt said with some stateliness, but suppose it was red, are they to go through life unloved for that reason?"

"I should be very sorry that such was to be the case," the poet said gloomily, "but I love a very different woman from these young ladies—one who is immeasurably their superior."

"Well, who on earth is it, Mr. Bingle? You know I shall be very happy to assist you if I can do so."

"How can you ask me, when you must have seen—you couldn't help it—how entirely I adore you."

"What!" said my aunt, looking mystified and confused. "What did you say, boy?"

"Don't call me a boy, my dear madam, when my heart is filled to overflowing," cried the literary gentleman, falling upon his knees before her, and seizing one of her hands. "I was saying, and will say it again that you must have seen that I adored you—that your presence was the sunshine of my life."

"Poor boy! he has lost his senses," aunt Ruth said, compassionately patting his head. "I wonder what I had best do with him."

"Make him happy by bestowing upon him the inestimable treasure of your love," sighed the unhappy Bingle, once more striving to seize her hand.

"*Fiddlesticks!* go to bed, you little goose! I thought you had more sense, Mr. Bingle, than to talk in this way to a woman old enough to—well who is a good deal older than you are. I didn't think you could be such a simpleton."

"Are you going to leave me without one word of hope?" poor Bingle said, still kneeling in the path, and gazing toward his retreating divinity. "Can I never gain your love?"

"Good gracious! Bingle, you're a blockhead! yes, a blockhead! I've a great mind to box your ears for your impertinence. I will too—there!" and the excited spinster turned back, and dealt her would-be lover a sounding blow, and then entered the house, closing the door after her with a bang.

"Obdurate woman!" cried the stricken Bingle, as he rose from his knees and looked wildly around. "My hopes are crushed—her door is closed against me, and I have no resource but to seek the mercenary roof of Mr. Smile. Farewell dreams of happiness! Farewell Woodbine Cottage! Henceforth the poet knows you only as bright memories of the past!"

The literary gentleman pulled his broad-brimmed hat over his eyes, opened the gate and walked disconsolately away in the direction of the Buttonwood, his face wearing such a look of misery that it was pitiable to behold, while I leaned back in my chair and laughed till the tears came into my eyes.

Very soon I heard my aunt's firm, emphatic step on the stair, and forcing a look of careless unconcern upon my face, I opened the door and looked out.

"What! are you at home, Guy?" she said, stopping with one foot on the upper stair.

"Oh! yes, I've been here this hour or more, and was wondering what kept you and Bingle out so late, but it is a pleasant evening for rambling, and—"

"Good gracious! Guy, my dear, what are you talking about?" exclaimed the wrought-up spinster. "What do you mean to insinuate?"

"Nothing of course, my dear aunt, only you and Bingle have been very good friends lately, and I didn't know but something serious might come of it—that's all."

"Guy, you're impertinent—very impertinent, indeed, and if this is a specimen of the manners you learn in New York you had a great deal better never have gone there. I shouldn't wonder at all if you put the little goose up to it."

"My dear aunt, you really must explain yourself. Of whom are you speaking?"

"You know very well. I am speaking of that foolish Bingle," continued the good lady, angrily pacing backward and forward upon the landing.

"What has Bingle done?" I inquired, with difficulty preserving my gravity.

"He has acted like a ninny and a simpleton, and—I—I boxed his ears, as I shall certainly do again if I ever see him."

"Do oblige me, aunt, by explaining yourself a little more clearly. Has Bingle incurred your displeasure by flirting with one of the Misses Bottleworths?"

"You ought to be ashamed of yourself, Guy—you are a greater dunce than Bingle. I won't speak to you again to-night," and the good lady carried out her threat by bouncing into her sleeping-room, and following her example I returned to mine, enjoyed another huge laugh, and then went to bed and to sleep.

Aunt Ruth's brow was still somewhat cloudy when she made her appearance in the breakfast-room, and her remarks had an unusually bitter and satirical tinge; but I affected not to notice her ill humor, and made no mention of Bingle, and the consequence was she gradually regained her wonted placidity of temper, and observed as we rose from the table,

"You had better go and find that foolish boy, Guy, and bring him home if he'll promise to behave himself and not act like a simpleton again."

"Certainly, aunt, but in what direction shall I look for the youth? He may have committed suicide for all I know, and should that prove to be the case would you wish his body brought here?"

"Committed suicide!" repeated my aunt with superb contempt. "How stupid you are! You'll find Bingle alive and well at the Buttonwood."

"I hope so," I said; with affected anxiety, as I took my hat and went out, and soon found myself at Mr. Smile's hotel. Was my friend Bingle there? I inquired of my publican acquaintance.

"That he is," Mr. Smile said. "He came in pretty late last night, very much excited, and acting strangely. There is something wrong, I'm afraid. He hasn't been down to breakfast, but Plates, the waiter, carried him up some coffee and toast and a trifling mutton chop, and left it on his table, though the gentleman swore he didn't want a mouthful. Hadn't you better go up and see him?"

I told Mr. Smile I would, by all means, and under his guidance I soon reached room No. 8, upon the door of which I beat a rousing tattoo.

"Who's there?" exclaimed a doleful voice from within.

"A friend. Let me in—won't you?"

"Come along—the door isn't fastened," said the voice again, and acting upon this permission we entered.

On the edge of the bed sat Mr. Bingle, in his night attire, holding on his knees the plate of provender so lately rejected, but with which upon reflection he seemed to have considered it would be best to *fortify* his inner man.

"You're better now, a'n't you, old fellow?" Mr. Smile said, cheerfully.

"No, sir, I am not, and never expect to be," the discarded lover said, dejectedly. "My disorder is not of a physical nature, Mr. Smile. I have loved, not wisely, but alas! too well."

"Ah! that's it, is it? A bad thing, Mr. Bingle, but I can cure you in no time. Brandy and water, not too strong of water, is the remedy for slighted affection. Shall I send you up a glass?"

"No, I'm obliged to you, Mr. Smile. It would have no efficacy in my case. Guy, my friend, good morning. I'm glad to see you, though I'm but a broken-spirited man, without hope, without ambition. I staked my all upon the throw and lost."

"I understand she refused you," I said, with my handkerchief to my eyes.

"Such is the lamentable fact. She is the only woman I ever loved, the only one I ever can love, and from this time forth I shall devote myself to poetry and the Mutual Consolation Society." Here Mr. Bingle set down his coffee cup and wept.

"Come, Bingle, don't be too much cast down," I said. "You were rather premature in your proposal. You didn't give the poem time enough to work. Take courage and try again by-and-by."

"It will do no good. She—she boxed my ears, and will never tolerate me in her presence again."

"I wouldn't stand that, I'll be cussed if I would," Mr. Smile said, resolutely. "Take her up for assault and battery, Mr. Bingle. You could get the biggest kind of damages, the case was so aggravated."

"Don't be irreverent, Smile. She is the loveliest of her sex, and it was presumption in me to aspire to her hand. Still it was a hard return for the love I laid at her feet.

"It wan't anything else," observed the publican, feelingly.

"You take it too much to heart, Bingle," I said. "I have heard it is no sign that a woman dislikes a man because she refuses him, and the truth is, my aunt sent me to bring you back, but she stipulates there's to be no love making till she says the word."

"Then she has relented a little," cried the poet, springing to his feet, and capering about the room in an ecstacy of delight. "Guy, you've been my friend. It is your interposition that has softened her resentment. Here's my hand, old fellow."

"Hello! then it's Mr. Larringdon's respected aunt who jilted you!" exclaimed the suddenly enlightened Mr. Smile.

"You have divined my secret," Mr. Bingle said, striking a theatrical attitude, "but as it was by accident, I demand of you as a man of honor that you bury it in your breast."

"You mean you'd rather I wouldn't blab," Mr. Smile said.

"That is my precise meaning, sir."

"Not for the world. I always feel bound to keep the secrets of my guests. But I say, by the Holy Moses! a'n't you going in for rather a mature sweetheart, Mr. Bingle?"

"She is no school girl, I am aware; neither am I a boy, sir."

"She can't be called a school girl, that's a fact. Why, I used to cast longing glances that way myself twenty odd years ago."

"And did she encourage your attentions?" demanded Mr. Bingle, assuming a belligerent aspect.

"I can't say that she did, and I'm amazing glad now I never asked her to become Mrs. Smile, for if she boxed your ears, I don't know how she would have served me."

"Come, gentlemen, I can't let you discuss my aunt any longer," I said, moving toward the door. "I'll wait for you below, Bingle. Come along, Smile."

"Well, now, that young man is precious soft, isn't he?" said he of the Buttonwood, as we descended the stairs.

I could not conscientiously controvert Mr. Smile's opinion, and had enjoyed poor Bingle's absurdities immensely, but after all I could not help pitying him, for ridiculous as his attachment was, it was sincere. To Bingle the world had never presented its brightest side, and his path had been tortuous and full of thorns. Of his birth and parentage he knew little or nothing. He remembered experiencing at a very early age a feeling of astonishment at finding himself in the streets of New York, homeless and destitute; but the feeling partially wore off after he had been there a few years, living as a thousand other little outcasts live, and heaven only knows how that is; and then he was picked up by an eccentric maiden lady, who sent him to school and made much of him for several years more, but she died one day, having previously made a will, bequeathing her property to the Cape Horn Mission, which as everybody knows has very nearly converted a Patagonian since its establishment, in the year 1800, and Bingle found himself loose in the world for the second time, and it seemed more lonely now than before, for the maiden lady had not seen fit to put him in the way of acquiring any useful calling, having made the discovery that he possessed literary genius; but the world wouldn't believe in his genius, and the editors grinned over his productions and sent them back.

But Bingle could do nothing but scribble, so to that pursuit he confined himself. He made the acquaintance of one or two attachees of the press, and occasionally did a little reporting, and with this and by copying for the lawyers, he managed to supply his not very extravagant wants, and employed his leisure in the composition of literary articles for which he could never find a market. Bingle was accustomed to being regarded as a bore wherever he went. It was seldom that any one called at his lair in Ann street, unless they came on business of some sort, and he was quite of the opinion that there was no one who cared much about him, since the demise of the maiden lady, and although this did not make him a misanthrope, as it would have done many a wiser man, I dare say he had his moments of feeling wretchedly lonely; and when he met the kind old spinster who liked his verses, and was really interested in him, it was not remarkable that she became a divinity in his eyes, and as she was the only real companion he had ever found, who can wonder that he fell down and worshipped her. There have been other ancient ladies who have had youthful admirers, who, if more world-wise, were less honest than was poor Bingle.

I was standing in the bar-room door awaiting Bingle's appearance, when a hand was laid on my shoulder, and Mr. Wardwell stood beside me.

"How d'ye do, counsellor, how d'ye do? I had no idea of meeting my distinguished legal friend in this out-of-the-way place; but I'm glad to see you. Travelling on society business, I presume. Do you find much unappreciated genius this way?"

"A good deal, Mr. Wardwell, and I'm glad to have so able a coadjutor to assist me in my official duties. I read your speech in the *Bumble Bee*—it was admirable."

Mr. Wardwell laughed heartily. "That friend of yours, Wedgewood, is a great wag, and his society the most stupendous joke I ever saw; but if the world takes it for solemn earnest, it's all right. In fact it makes the joke so much the better. Are you stopping here long?"

"I am spending a few weeks with a relative," I said, "and am really glad to see you. How prospers your case? Have you discovered the whereabouts of the young lady yet?"

"Well, yes, I think so, and I guess by the time you get back we shall be ready to do something; but when will that be, by the way?"

"I had intended remaining some days longer, but I can return whenever it is necessary."

"Don't hurry, counsellor, don't hurry. I've a notion to spend a day or two in this vicinity myself, and our business will keep. Good morning. I will see you again, perhaps, in the course of the day."

CHAPTER XII.

In process of time, quiet and harmony were restored to Woodbine Cottage, and our little household had once more fallen into its old routine of duties and amusements. For a day or two my aunt assumed rather a distant, haughty bearing toward the poet, who in consequence thereof, became mildly dejected, and mentioned to me his determination of escaping the ills of this life and the bitter recollections of the past in suicide.

"The fact is, Guy," he remarked, as we sat in our chamber one evening, "a man don't get on very well in the world unless he's some object to live for. Most people have—they want to get rich, or famous, or something of that sort—but I don't think I ever had an object of any kind in view except to keep going, till I saw your aunt. I used to hope I should sometime write something worth publishing, but I gave that up a good while ago—I've written so many things that wouldn't do; but I've no other way of spending my leisure time, and a fellow must do something you know; but it will be *doosid* hard to go back to Ann street, and go to writing poetry, with those infernal cats howling over my head, after staying in this nice, quiet little place. I shall have to, though, I suppose; and when I am hard up, write law papers for Twist and Wriggle, just as I used to; but this isn't much of an object to live for—is it now? I swear I think sometimes I might better be dead. No one would care if I was, and no one would miss me."

Fortunately for me, Mr. Bingle's melancholy moods never continued very long. He would converse in the above unhappy strain, and an hour later perhaps be unfolding to me in the best of spirits, the plan of a new Epic, which he was confident must succeed, notwithstanding the fate of so many of its predecessors warned him what to expect. But Bingle was a sort of philosopher in a diluted homœopathic way, and having found it weary work to toil up the hill of literary fame, as many a better man has done, and that he did not progress toward the summit very rapidly, was quite content to sit down by the wayside and give a good-natured nod to such of his colleagues as scrambled past him, soiling their hands and garments, and making themselves, oh! so weary, as they pushed upward toward the far-away fane where so few of all the multitude who set out for it, ever repose and wear the laurels.

But by-and-by aunt Ruth became gracious again, and listened to Bingle's verses as complacently as ever. So the young gentleman took heart and made another dash for immortality, but his music had taken a gloomy turn now, although the poet grew sprightly in proportion as my aunt relented towards him, and only sung of hearts made wretched by unrequited love, of blasted hopes, and ruined aerial castles; of graves, too, where sorrow and disappointment find sepulchre with the worn-out spirit's home, and turn to dust and ashes in its company, and aunt Ruth appreciated these out-pourings just as she had done his less pathetic effusions, and once put Bingle into ecstacies by dropping a tear on her knitting over one of his misanthrophic passages.

Bingle visited Mr. Smile's more frequently than had been his wont in former times, and strove to acquire a taste for strong beverages; but Mr. Smile was a discreet man, and gave the poet his brandy and water in so diluted a form that no inebriating results followed, and he was not a little pleased to find that mental sufferings had made him impervious to the effect of alcoholic mixtures, which under other circumstances he fondly believed would have rendered him shockingly hilarious.

It was a severe ordeal for the poetical gentleman. The taste and even the smell of brandy made him qualmish, but for the world he would not have omitted an important item in the unvarying history of unrequited love. In the works of fiction that had fallen under his notice, he had observed that those heroes who had met with disaster in their heart affairs, took to drinking or the profession of arms, and as the effluvia of burning gun-powder was even more offensive to his olfactories than his potations, and his organ of combativeness very slightly developed, he chose the least disagreeable method of exhibiting the passion that consumed him, and made frequent pilgrimages to the shrine over which Mr. Smile presided, and looked suitably woebegone when that honest publican questioned him delicately as to the state of his heart.

While my good relative and the poet having thus amicably adjusted their little feud, were amusing themselves after the old fashion, the one in taking short canters on the winged horse and the other in observing with admiring eyes this equestrian performance, I had my own individual pastimes, and managed to get along very well. Mr. Wardwell was still in town, apparently for a purpose, though I could not divine it, and proved on farther acquaintance an exceedingly entertaining companion. Ere three days were gone he was perfectly at home at the Buttonwood, and well acquainted with the frequenters of that excellent hotel, whom he amused, astonished, and angered with his eccentricities.

It was one of his peculiarities never to agree with any one, and no matter what opinion was advanced, he promptly took the opposite side, and argued with so much force and energy, and promulgated such unheard-of heterodox notions that the sleepy little town was presently in a delightful uproar, and he was by general consent set down as a heathen of the most unregenerate type.

Elder Powters he had scandalized by declaring his belief that mesmerism and clairvoyance were the great scientific theories of the age, and protracted meetings humbugs; Dr. Rhubarb was rendered furious by learning that he had spoken favorably of hydropathic packing as a curative process; and Mr. Bottleworth lifted up his hands in undisguised horror, when he told him to his face that he had been a Federalist, and had voted against General Jackson; and at each new evidence of popular indignation, Mr. Wardwell's little blue eyes twinkled and the hard lines of his shrewd face softened into sarcastic merriment.

I had become a regular visitor too at the Bottleworth residence, although I could not conceal from myself that with the young ladies and their mamma I was less welcome after I had rung their door-bell once or twice and asked for Miss Fairstar, so after a time I fell into the habit of asking Agnes to go out with me; and we usually turned our steps towards the dell where we had first met, and in the shadow of the dwarf pine that grew by the spring we read the Waverly Novels, and had long talks on many subjects. It was in these conversations that I learned the depth of Agnes's mind, and saw the purity of her character. Gradually she gave me to understand her views of the world, and of life here and hereafter, of the motives which actuate humanity, and of her own high standard of right and wrong. To those interviews in the dell, I now look back with feelings almost reverential, for then it was that many rank weeds of skepticism were uprooted from my heart, and their places supplied by the few redeeming virtues that relieve my faulty, wayward character. Yet she seldom directly controverted the free opinions I often unwittingly expressed, but she showed me her ideal of what he should be who was created in God's image, and I could see for myself how far short I had failed of it.

My dear madame and mademoiselle, who express so much virtuous indignation at the dissipated course of the young gentlemen of your acquaintance at your sewing societies and tea-drinkings, did it ever occur to you that to a great extent you are chargeable with the sins you deprecate? Those wild fellows, Frank and Harry, who have been familiar with every kind of iniquity that falls under the apologetic designation of "wild oats," understand very well that you are familiar with all their peccadilloes which have long been the town talk, yet you never give them the cold shoulder! on the contrary, their society is eagerly sought at all your merry-makings, while those steady going fellows John and Tom are left to make wall-flowers of themselves; and what is more logical than their complacent conclusion, that women like wicked fellows rather the best, and are actuated by no loftier standard of morality than their own.

Mrs. Bottleworth became a good deal exercised over the interest I seemed to feel in her daughter's music teacher, and took occasion to mention the matter one day to aunt Ruth.

"Don't you think it is singular, my dear madam," she said, "that your nephew should have such a liking for that girl Agnes Fairstar?"

"Has he?" the good lady replied, for the first time enlightened on that point.

"Why to be sure. He's been awful attentive ever since our party; I supposed you knew all about it, though I might have known better, for of course he'd be careful not to let you suspect he'd formed a low attachment.

"Bless me! Mrs. Bottleworth, you don't mean to call Agnes Fairstar *low*, I hope," ejaculated the good spinster, who was always a staunch defender of her friends in their absence.

"Why, not that exactly; but you know she don't belong to our set at all. A likely girl enough, I dare say, but a music-teacher is a music-teacher, and should be kept in her place."

"She's a gentlewoman," my aunt said, decidedly, "I don't know whether my nephew cares anything about her—but if he does, I'm glad of it. He'll never find a dearer girl."

"Oh! well, of course it's no affair of mine, and as I said, she may be well enough, though I must confess I should think it very imprudent for one of *my* girls to go out with a young gentleman in the evening and be gone for hours and hours."

"It might be very imprudent for one of *your* girls, Mrs. Bottleworth, but it is not for Agnes, I can promise you," said my aunt, deliberately; and thereupon Mrs. Bottleworth took her departure in high dudgeon, and I think a coolness has existed between the ladies ever since.

When I returned that evening, my aunt reported what had passed between herself and her visitor; and asked very kindly if it was true that I cared for her little friend; and when I owned the soft impeachment, the tears glistened in her eyes, and she put her arms around my neck and told me I was the only object she had ever had to love, and had regarded me as mothers do an only son; but full as was her heart of affection for me, she could find a place there for Agnes Fairstar. "But Guy, my dear," she went on, "I want you to remember that it is a great thing to ask a woman to select you from all the world to be her mate—and never do it, unless you are very certain you can love her always, and be true, affectionate and kind. I don't know much about these things by experience, my dear, for when I was young I was plain and awkward, and didn't have lovers as the other girls had; but I always thought I had rather never be loved at all, than to be loved and forgotten; and I suppose all women feel the same."

The time glided by very pleasantly, and Oak Hill, from the dullest place in Christendom was becoming quite the reverse to me, and I wondered how I could have been so unjust as to call it stupid. It was retired to be sure, and the country immediately adjacent somewhat too rocky and mountainous to be susceptible of the highest state of agriculture, but it was admirable for shooting, and delightful for moonlight walks, as I could assert from an experimental knowledge, for almost every evening found me wandering among the hills with Agnes, though we had never yet spoken of love, and I do not think the idea had entered her mind that I could be other than the friend I seemed.

One evening about two weeks after our first meeting, we were walking in the dell, our favorite retreat.

"Do you know," she said, suddenly looking up, that I am going away very soon?"

"Going away!" I repeated, "where?"

"To New York."

"Have you friends there?"

"No; I have one acquaintance."

"What calls you to the metropolis, pray?"

"Oh! I'm tired of Oak Hill and music-teaching, and am going to seek my fortune, as you gentlemen do."

"May I ask the name of your acquaintance?" I said, feeling some horrible suspicions of a rival.

"I don't think I ought to indulge your curiosity. You have as much as a woman," she replied, with her quizzical little laugh.

"You will at least favor me with your address, and permit me to call upon you," I continued, feeling more certain that there was a rival in the case.

"I am always delighted to see my friends, but my address I cannot give you—at least not yet. I dare say you will find it out ere long."

"You are going to be married!" I said, bitterly, unable to conceal my jealousy any longer.

"No, I am not," she replied, gravely, looking me full in the face. "Did I not tell you that I never had a lover?"

"You have," I cried, eagerly, seizing her hand, "I—"

"Good-evening, Miss Fairstar," said a voice; and dropping the little hand I had captured, I looked around and saw Bingle, who had never thought of going out for an evening walk before, hurrying down the dell, evidently delighted at meeting us. It required but a glance to show me that the poet was unconscious of the nature of the interview he had interrupted, and, thinking he would take himself off presently, I assumed an unconcerned manner, and growled a savage "good-evening."

"Well now, this is a regular charming spot," the poet proceeded, as he removed his broad-brimmed hat and looked admiringly around. "Was it down here, Guy, you fell in the creek and got so *doosid* wet?"

"Yes, sir—and be careful you do not meet with a similar accident," I answered, inwardly resolving to give Mr. Bingle a beating the first time I caught him alone.

"Oh! never fear for me. I'll take care of myself," Mr. Bingle said, and sat down on a stump, evidently with the kind intention of favoring us with his company as long as we might choose to remain out of doors.

"I think we had better return, Miss Fairstar," I said, "it is getting late; but don't let us take you away, Bingle."

"Oh! I'll go with you, if you must go; but it will be time enough an hour hence, and earlier by a good bit than Guy ever thinks of getting home lately."

Agnes nipped a mischievous little laugh in the bud, and I smothered by a great effort a fearful imprecation, as we began to walk in the direction of the village, while the literary gentleman spread himself, and chattered like a magpie.

"Will you walk in, gentlemen?" Agnes said, as we paused before Mr. Bottleworth's gate.

"Why yes I guess we will—won't we, Guy?" the poet said, who was evidently in an unusually social mood.

"You must excuse me," I said, scarcely refraining from bestowing upon him a very uncomplimentary epithet. "Miss Fairstar, shall I see you to-morrow?"

"I leave in the morning—so I must say good-bye for the present."

"Why not let me have the pleasure of being your escort, if you are going to the city?" I pleaded, in a low voice.

"Do not think me unkind, but I had rather go alone," she said, gently. "You shall know of my whereabouts very soon. And till we meet again, good-bye."

She gave me her hand, which I hastily pressed, and with a good-evening to Bingle, she hurried up the walk leading to the house.

"What's the matter with you to-night, Guy? You're as cross as a hyena," the poet asked, inquiringly.

"Confound you! Bingle, I have a mind to thrash you."

"Bless my soul! don't do it—you'll hurt my feelings—I swear you will,—I haven't done anything deserving such extraordinary treatment; I didn't suppose there would be any harm in calling on the young lady, if she does teach music."

"Bingle, you're an ass," I said, interrupting him.

"That's what most everybody thinks," he replied, cheerfully, "so I don't mind, if you won't be out of temper."

"Go to the deuce!" I growled, and strode on until I reached my chamber, where I threw myself upon the bed and tried to forget my anger and disappointment.

CHAPTER XIII.

I fully intended to see Agnes, if but for a moment, at the coach in the morning, but lover though I was, sleep held me too long in its embrace, and when I reached the Buttonwood it was gone, but the townspeople who made a point of assembling daily to witness the departure of Mr. Lasher and his vehicle had not yet disbanded, and among them I found Mr. Wardwell, with a carpet bag in his hand, engaged as usual in stirring up the prejudices of the citizens of Oak Hill, while Mr. Smile's light buggy and a team of spanking bays were at the door, which led me to infer that my client also was about taking his departure.

"You are just on the wing I perceive, sir," I said. "Which way are you going?"

"Back to the city, counsellor—back to the city. I have lost all the character I ever had up here among these good people. According to my friend, Elder Pewters, I have established an awful reputation, and all I hope is, it won't get back to Vermont, and finish me with my constituents."

"You are wandering in the wilderness of unbelief," the elder said, dogmatically, "and you'll certainly go to perdition."

"My political opponents have always entertained that notion, elder; but, if it is as you say, we shall probably meet again."

"No, sir," cried the indignant parson, "we part to-day doubtless for time and eternity."

"You're mistaken, elder—you're mistaken—I shall see you once more anyhow—when the affairs of this little world of ours are all wound up, and all the sheep, myself among the number, are waiting to be turned out to graze in the celestial pasture, I shall doubtless have a last look at you among the goats."

Elder Pewters made no reply, but walked away in righteous indignation, while Mr. Smile, who was a sinner as well as a *publican*, grinned appreciatingly. Mr. Bottleworth was mute with horror, and Mr. Puff ejaculated, in a low tone, "An irreverent old cuss!"

"Well, Smile, it's time for us to be off," Mr. Wardwell said, who had enjoyed this little tumult he had created with infinite relish. "It's unpleasant to part from one's acquaintance in this way, but it can't be helped. When do you return, counsellor?"

"To-morrow, if nothing intervenes to prevent," I answered.

"All right—I shall see you in town, then. The stage left me this morning, so Smile is going to drive me over to the station in his buggy. Good-bye, gentlemen. I hope we shall all meet again in this vale of tears. Let me have a copy of your paper now and then, Mr. Puff. Your editorials interest me tremendously. I would leave a request for the elder to remember me, but I think he will be apt to do it anyway."

By this time Mr. Wardwell had ensconced himself in the carriage, Mr. Smile mounted to his side, and away they drove, leaving me to wend my way back to Woodbine Cottage.

My design of returning to town so soon had only been formed the preceding evening; but with Agnes away, Oak Hill had ceased to have any attractions for me, and I determined to follow her. What would have been the issue of my wooing, but for Bingle's ill-timed interruption, I could scarcely conjecture. There was evidently some secret connected with her present movements that she did not choose to confide to me, but she had emphatically denied having a lover, and had promised to let me know her address very soon, and it would be some consolation to be in her vicinity again.

Mr. Bingle had just risen when I regained our chamber, for the poet was something of a sluggard, and was before the glass, deep in the mysteries of his toilet.

"Hello! where have you been?" he said, as I came in, regarding me with rather a furtive glance. "I was doosidly alarmed when I woke up and found you gone. You were so put out last night, I didn't know but you were up to something desperate."

"Nothing of the kind," I answered, laughing, and indeed my belligerent feelings towards Bingle had all vanished; "and, by-the-way, my dear fellow, I should beg your pardon for having in an unguarded moment applied an opprobrious epithet to you last evening."

"Oh! don't mention it—it was perfectly applicable, I dare say," Mr. Bingle said, as he elevated his chin to facilitate the tying of his cravat. "Miss Fairstar has gone, I suppose."

"Yes, and that reminds me that it is time for us to be going also."

"You don't mean to say that you're off!" said the poet, whirling round and staring me in the face, with a look of blank consternation.

"That I do, to-morrow—we have wasted time enough in this miserable little town."

"I call it just the pleasantest place I was ever in, and there's such doosid agreeable people here. By Jove! I could live here always, if there was any way for a fellow to earn a little money. I don't want much, but I must have some. What makes you in such a taking to leave all at once?"

"Business engagements, of course. You are aware that I am a lawyer."

"Oh! yes, I've frequently seen your sign down on Nassau street, but I didn't suppose you ever did any business."

"Well, I have a suit on hand that I'm very very much interested in, and I intend to take the defendant in execution, so the sooner I'm back to attend to it the better, and if you intend to bear me company, be in readiness to-morrow morning."

"I shall have to go, of course," Mr. Bingle said, dubiously, "and I'm sure I'm much obliged to you, Guy, for the nice little time I have had here. Good times don't come to me very often, so I hate to cut them short when they do come. I was cut up dreadfully when your aunt refused me, and I don't suppose it would do any good to offer myself again."

I thought the poet had better leave any love-making he had in view for a subsequent visit, and told him so as delicately as possible as we went down stairs to breakfast.

My aunt affected to be rather surprised when I declared my intention of leaving her hospitable roof next day, but I was confident she was very well aware of what was taking me back to town, for she knew of Agnes's destination, and as soon as I could hurry through with the meal, I went off to the Buttonwood again, partly to avoid her quizzical looks, and partly with a good-natured view of making Bingle happy, by allowing him to pass his last day at Oak Hill in aunt Ruth's undiluted society. It was probably the last genuine pleasure the poor fellow would enjoy for many a weary day. He was soon to go back to the companionship of the cats and rats in Ann street, and the prospect was dubious enough for him, heaven knows! and he was withal such a social excrescence, whom every one, aunt Ruth excepted, seemed to regard as quite the reverse of ornamental, that it was no wonder that her little cottage was to him a Paradise.

Mr. Puff had consented to look after the interests of the Buttonwood during the absence of the proprietor at the railway station, and I found that gentleman seated behind the bar engaged in the composition of his leader, and enlivening his literary labors with gin and water, but he greeted me kindly, and expressed some complimentary sorrow that my visit was so nearly over.

"Smile had a notion you'd conclude to settle with us," he observed, "and it wouldn't be a bad idea, Old Fibber is the only lawyer within fifteen miles, and I don't know but I might be induced to put you on to the local department of the *Clarionette*. We're looking up, Mr. Larrington, a good deal. Our circulation is two hundred and fifty a week now, and on the increase, and an editorial position is a good deal, you know. I have a yearly pass on Lasher's stage, and the amount of garden sauce my patrons compliment me with is pro-di-gious."

I admitted that the inducements my editorial friend held out to me for remaining were strong, and promised to take them into consideration, whereupon Mr. Puff handed down a decanter of Mr. Smile's best brandy, and hospitably pressed me to help myself, of course at the expense of the absent publican, and when Mr. Bottleworth walked in a moment after, carried his generosity to the pitch of including him in the invitation.

"Not any, I am obliged to you, Puff," the eminent miller said with dignity. "I dropped in to speak with Mr. Larrington—I apprehended I should find here. Mr. L., a word with you, if you please."

I followed the august presence into the hall, wondering what such privacy portended, and vaguely uneasy lest the old gentleman might have it in his mind to confer upon me the inestimable gift of one of his daughters.

"I understand you leave us to-morrow," he said when we were alone.

I plead guilty to the charge, and Mr. Bottleworth went on taking me by the buttonhole in an electioneering way.

"Will you permit me to inquire, and I am not actuated by impertinent curiosity, if you propose to go directly through?"

I said that such was my intention, and waited to see what would follow.

"Mr. Larrington," he continued, dropping his voice to a confidential key. "I have heard you spoken of as a gentleman and a scholar, and I may add, without intending to flatter you, sir, for I hope I know my position in this community well enough to be above that, that my acquaintance with you has tended to confirm what I have heard of your character, and I feel that I can trust you."

I began to fear that my apprehensions were but too well founded, but expressed myself much obliged for his good opinion.

"You're quite welcome, Mr. Larrington. It is always a source of pleasure to me when I can encourage a young man just starting in life by the candid assurance that I approve of him. I remarked just now that I felt I could trust you, and I am about proving that this was no idle compliment by confiding to your care—my daughter."

"What the d—l am I to do with her?" I said, startled out of all sense of propriety by the announcement.

"Hear me through, if you please," Mr. Bottleworth said with dignity. "My daughter (I refer to Cynthia, my eldest,) contemplates paying a visit to her aunt, Mrs. Spragg, with whom I believe you have the honor of being acquainted, and as she is inexperienced and unaccustomed to journeying, and as private and official duties incapacitate me from accompanying her, I have decided as an especial mark of confidence to place her under your protection.

"I should be only too happy to escort Miss Bottleworth," I answered, greatly relieved to find that he had not intended to confer upon me any higher mark of confidence.

"Consider me your debtor, Mr. Larrington. She will meet you here in the morning, unless you will allow me to extend to you the hospitality of my house for the night."

I thanked him for the invitation, and with a bow like the nod of a cedar, it was so stately, the great man went his way.

I had much trouble in disposing of the remainder of the day, but I assisted Mr. Puff in his temporary hotel-keeping until the return of its legitimate lord, and then I strolled away to the dell, now desolate enough, so much so indeed that I was glad to leave it again, and I walked off a mile or two into the country, and made an attempt to amuse myself by stealing strawberries from a farmer's garden, to see if they would have the exquisite relish that the watermelons used to have that I purloined when a boy, but the dog belonging to the premises came out and observed me with such evident suspicion that my intentions were frustrated, and I turned back and went home and talked with my aunt until a late hour, and finally concluded the day by bringing a pitcher of ale from the Buttonwood, over which Mr. Bingle grew hilarious, and attempted to recite Poe's "Raven," but broke down in the apostrophe addressed to the "ghastly, grim, ungainly" fowl that would croak "nevermore," and eventually went to sleep with his boots on, and a copy of Byron under his head.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

SATURDAY EVENING POST.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, JUNE 23, 1866.

Terms: Cash in Advance.

One copy, one year,	$2,50
Two copies, "	4,00
Four copies, "	8,00
Eight copies, " and one to getter up of club,	16,00
Twenty " " and one to getter up of club,	35,00
One copy of THE POST *and one of* THE LADY'S FRIEND,	4,00

☞ As the price of THE POST is the same as that of THE LADY'S FRIEND, the Clubs may be composed exclusively of the paper, or partly of the paper and partly of the magazine. Of course, the premium for getting up a club may be either one or the other, as desired.

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In remitting, name at the top of your letter, your post-office, county, and state. If possible, procure a post-office order on Philadelphia. If a post-office order cannot be had, get a draft on Philadelphia or New York, *payable to our order*. If a draft cannot be had, send United States notes. Do not send money by the Express Companies, unless you pay their charges.

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TO CORRESPONDENTS.

"When Nellie Dies," is respectfully declined.

THE SEWING MACHINE.

M. A. Coman and E. H. Sherburne write from Mendora, La Crosse County, Wisconsin, under date of June 5th, as follows:—

"The Sewing Machine has arrived safe and sound, and answers our expectations admirably.

"We desire to express to you our thanks for the liberality which prompts to the distribution of such a very desirable premium, and to those who ordered their papers by us, thus giving us the power to avail ourselves of the offer.

"For ourselves we are much pleased with both paper and magazine, and believe that the feeling is universal with all your patrons here."

EXERCISE.

We call the attention of our city readers to the advertisement of Professors Hillebrand & Lewis's Gymnasium. It is a well managed institution, and includes the teaching of sparring and fencing, in which the proprietors are experts.

EMERSON BENNETT'S NEW STORY.

In the first paper of July (July 7th) we design commencing a new story by Emerson Bennett, called:

THE WHITE SLAVE;

A Tale of the Mexican Revolution.

The many admirers of Mr. Bennett will find this story, though somewhat different, fully equal in romance and interest to "The Phantom of the Forest."

It will probably be about four months in running through THE POST.

In addition, after completing that amusing serial, "THE MUTUAL CONSOLATION SOCIETY," and the fine story of "ADRIANA," we have other stories of great interest to lay before our readers.

As Mr. Bennett's story will commence in the first number of July, new subscribers wishing to procure it, can do so if they choose, by simply subscribing for the last six months of the year. Price $1,25 for six months; or for THE POST and the LADY'S FRIEND (each six months) $2.00.

As we may possibly run out of the early numbers of this story, as we did out of those of "The Phantom of the Forest," we should like new subscribers who are particularly desirous of reading "The White Slave," to send in their names as early as possible.

THE WORLD ABROAD.

Whether there shall be, or shall not be, a great war in Europe, is still an undecided question. It is doubtful that the parties desirous of engaging in the controversy of bayonets, will agree to abide by the decision of the Peace Conference, unless it happens to suit the whole of them, which is not very likely. Austria, it is reported, will not agree even to consider the question of resigning Venetia; while Italy will not consider anything else. Prussia is determined to have the Duchies, at any reasonable cost of blood and treasure; and Austria, equally determined not to allow Prussia to take her place as *the* great German Power without a contest, and trusting somewhat perhaps to the habitual good-luck of the House of Hapsburg, has resolved also to appeal if necessary to the fortunes of war. A treaty offensive and defensive between Austria and Russia is also darkly hinted at.

England wishes Peace—but France, speaking by the mouth of her Emperor, says to Lord Cowley, in language cold and sharp as a sword: "In the years 1859 and 1864 England opposed my proposals in reference to the settlement of the Venetian and Schleswig-Holstein questions. Now England wants peace. I also desire peace; but as the most favorable opportunities have been frittered away, and as the conflicting interests have been permitted to reach a point at which they must clash, I can no longer assume the responsibility of events."

In the meantime the Italians are crazy for war and Venetia. Garribaldi is enrolling his red-shirts, and it will be difficult to disband them in case of need.

If the Peace Conference should not make things better, it will probaby make them worse. It will tend to ally France with Prussia and Italy, and Russia with Austria. England doubtless will have the good sense to keep out of the mess, and attend to her own domestic affairs, which need attention just now.

The fate of the Reform Bill is still uncertain. The idea that classes should be represented, and not mere numbers, has a very strong hold upon the English mind. It is urged that while the working classes should be fairly represented in the House of Commons, they should not be allowed to overbear by the mere force of numbers all other classes.

The Cattle Plague is decreasing. The number of cattle attacked since the plague first broke out in England has been 244,456, of which but 32,253 have recovered.

The mousiary disturbance in England was gradually calming down at the last advices. Our English friends have been "making too much haste to be rich." The tens of millions of gold sent over from this side of the ocean were being thankfully received.

France is in earnest, it is now said, as to withdrawing her troops from Mexico. Marshal Bazaine, the French commander, has had positive instructions to concentrate all the French troops at the cities of Mexico, Puebla and Orizaba, and to make no more hostile demonstrations. Three-fourths of the troops are to go to France in October, and the balance next year. Then we shall see whether Maximillian's cause be an empty bag or not. Probably the Mexicans will drive him out, and then relapse into their usual delightful state of anarchy and confusion. But if they enjoy it, whose business is it? Not Europe's, certainly. Let the Frenchman and the Austrian attend to their own affairs, which evidently need attention badly enough.

P. S. Since the above was in type, we have later foreign news. The Peace Conference is abandoned, owing to the demands of Austria. War may begin at any moment. It is supposed that Austria will first move upon Silesia.

A NOVEL DRESS.

We used to think that there was one place in the United States where the inhabitants were sufficiently unprovincial not to interfere with people, whether they were dressed as Germans, Turks, Chinese, Hindoos, or American Indians. But it seems that even New York is more or less provincial, as a certain Dr. Mary E. Walker, late of the U. S. Army, was recently arrested for creating a crowd by wearing the following dress:—

"Mrs. Walker was dressed in a kind of gored sack, fitting closely at the waist, and reaching a few inches below the knee. Below this point all that is visible suggests an under garment similar to the pantaloons worn by males, but fuller, and gathered neatly about the ankle. The back is made of broadcloth, with very little trimming, and the sack is ornamented with a single row of jet buttons reaching from the throat down the front to the bottom of the dress. There is certainly, says the *N. Y. Tribune*, nothing immodest in the costume."

Now, while we look upon dress, so far as questions of modesty are concerned, as a mere matter of habit—no universal costume being

immodest to the generation which grows up with it, and never knows anything else—we do not see that a dress could well be more "modest" than that of Dr. Walker. And while we should not like a lady friend of ours to make herself conspicuous, by wearing any novel attire—yet if she chose to wear such a dress as is described above, we should defend her right to do so.

In fact the Police Commissioner before whom Dr. Walker appeared, while defending the action of the officer who arrested her, said, "Don't arrest her again, officer. Let her go. She's smart enough to take care of herself. Never arrest her again."

Apropos to this matter, the citizens of every town and village in the Union should know that there is no stronger proof that they have never travelled, and are in fact the veriest "Philistines"—as the German students say—than smiling or jeering at strangers because of some peculiarity in their manners or attire. Half the time those who do this are only displaying their own want of knowledge of the manners and customs of the great world.

PERSEVERANCE.

Aspiration takes its rise generally in the consciousness of capacity. It is a divine hunger, a heroic unrest of the soul. Under its influence Themistocles could not sleep, and it made Thucydides, when but six years old, weep while Herodotus was reading historic narratives to the Greeks at the Olympic Festival. It urges men to action. It is the spur, the impetus that forces them up to the rampart and over the walls, rousing them from the otium cum dignitate even; buckling on their armor with a certain haste and fiery indignation determined to overcome. Change is desirable, but it is not necessary to sit down with folded hands. A moment lost cannot be regained; while you are standing still all the world is going on; while you halt to ease your burden, and strap anew your knapsack, your comrades are marching onward—a moment and you will be too late.

When Charles Lamb had been for thirty-three years a clerk in the India house, he was retired on a pension of four hundred and forty-one pounds a year. Writing to a friend soon after his release, he said, "My spirits are so tumultuous with the novelty of my recent emancipation, that I have scarce steadiness of hand, much more of mind, to compose a letter." Not long, before his continued freedom became a fetter to him. To relieve this, he was accustomed to take his dog and walk fourteen miles every day. A strong witness to the truth of what each one feels, that continued effort is necessary to every one who has been for years accustomed to regular occupation.

Suicide is no doubt in many instances the legitimate effect of the suspension of customary intellectual activity. While deeds of heroism from those who have passed years of indolent leisure, can only be accounted for in this manner. Montaigne's beggar, who, when advised by the philosopher "to go to work," looked up into his face with a nonchalant air, "Oh, but if you knew how lazy I am," was not so very different from the hundreds of wrecked men whom one meets every day flushed from the effect of that fiery potion which unhumanizes humanity staggering under the weight of indolence. For if a man has nothing good to do, he will most surely do evil. There are two principles abroad in the world. Two masters who command the allegiance of all. To one or the other of these masters we each belong—and it is of some consequence to us which.

Look at the beggar. Do you think he will lay up money? He is too indolent to become rich. Misere work, but do these mendicants work? To eat, to drink, and to sleep, is their chief end and aim. But this was not always so. Ten to one if you place a shilling in the hands of the beggar, and then draw him into telling you of himself, you will find that he once had the spirit of a man. Do not tell him as Montaigne did, and as too many good people of the present do, "to go to work." You must know that without aspiration and energy, he is far better fitted to beg than to work. But try with your best powers to awaken in him a desire to become a man. Remind him of the higher possibilities of his nature. Point him to the example of others. Show him that it is not too late—that the world has need of just such men as he is; make him see that he was, is, and must be a man; rouse him—there's enough in him—and ten chances to one he will leave your door determined to commence a better life—to work rather than to beg.

Look at this, it is not so far out of the way as you take it. Go into the cellars, attics and dens that so many in our own city call home, huddled together like brutes. Men, women and children, born there, die there, the old and the helpless. They were not always so. There goes a man, his face is not bad, his head is well shaped, he has the bearing of a man, but he has lost the spirit; he came to the city determined to do well, he had a trade, he succeeded for a time, then misfortune came, poverty preseed him, he tried in his feeble way to rise, he looked about for help, support; a word of comfort would have turned the scale; he failed to find it. A few dollars in money would have saved him; he found no one willing to make the loan. He was a man, but he felt that he was treated like a dog; he broke down under it, or rather he gave up. There he is. It is not too late; you might rouse him, might save him. You shake your head, and tell me they are all alike. I say to you they are not. Encouragement is necessary to the strongest intellect that ever was created. True, the fire may burn for a time; the heart may strain like a foundering vessel, and the brain reel with ineffectual effort, but the end will come—and when such an one gives up, the case is far more hopeless than with a more passive nature.

We do not need to go to beggars and imbeciles for example. The gifted Coleridge says, "I have prayed with drops of agony on my brow," and still was not able to rouse himself from opium and indolence, and this for years. De Quincy was another. Never was a beggar more miserable than he was when he first went to London; indeed he almost starved, and but for a poor "lost" wretch, named Ann, he would have died; and still this same De Quincy was entirely sui generis, a man to charm you with the beauty of his words, the magic of his conceptions. Master of the most inimitable humor, he had a keen sympathy with whatever is genial in human life, manifesting it in every manner, from the gay and lively to the caustic and severe; in every degree, from the quiet smile to the hearty ringing laugh; taking one through the most delightful paths for the purpose only of developing some important truth, tossing his profoundest thought into the billows of foam and sunshine, rejoicing in the sport as a child at play, and still, poor and wretched as he was, he could not rouse himself. Another saved him. Not only these, but human nature is alike in all ages. It is not the street beggar alone who needs to rouse from the supineness that necessarily follows the daily struggle that so many are called upon to make, doing their best to breast the waves, baffled, but not overcome; trying again, throwing out their arms, but making no headway; depriving themselves of rest, scarcely stopping to eat, never resting, toiling, and receiving in exchange scarce enough for daily bread, struggling to live, and yet praying to die. There is, I say, danger that such an one may forget that "to persevere" is the best remedy. Give up and go down with the current and you are lost.

THE LADY'S FRIEND.

This superior magazine for June leads off with a suggestive steel plate called "The Mother's Blessing," illustrating a romantic story. The fashions are distinguished as usual for elegance and appropriateness. Airily graceful and delicately gay, they befit the month of roses, of summer skies and soft south winds. "The Music Mistress," a good wood-cut, also illustrates a story. Then follow some well chosen designs which the ladies will find useful, a Gored Dress, an Oriental Braiding Pattern, The Spanish Fichu, Grecian Coiffure, fashionable caps and bonnets. "The Old Family Clock," occupies the musical pages. Among the stories, "Which of the Two" is remarkably good, even for the genius and practised pen of Louise Chandler Moulton; "Strategy," by Emma B. Ripley, is excellent, and so are "A New Bud on an Old Stalk," by Frances Lee; and "Sybil Ainsworth," a continued story by Harris Byrne. "The Amber Spirit," is a short and striking article, with a quaint illustration. The poetry is by that gifted writer, August Bell, E. Margaret Starr, and others. In conclusion are some picturesque bathing dresses, the usual attractive variety in the work-table department, Editorials, Receipts, and Fashions.

Price $2.50 a year; 2 copies $4; 3 copies (and one *gratis*) $6. *Wheeler & Wilson's celebrated Sewing Machines are furnished as Premiums.* Single numbers for sale by the newsdealers. Address DEACON & PETERSON, 319 Walnut Street, Philadelphia.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

NEW MUSIC.—We have received from Frederick Blume, 208 Bowery, New York, the following pieces:—

"THE LIGHT IN THE WINDOW." Composed by Virginia Gabriel.

"NELLIE'S GONE FOR EVER," and "KA-FOOZLE-UM," a so-called Comic Song.

TO W. A. R. E.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

What do you want to know for? I don't believe it's from any fatherly or motherly (as the case may be) interest that you take in me. It's only because I'm *queer*. That's it. But for that, little you'd care whether I was black, white, or gray. You fancy I'm a "queer thing," though, and you are curious about me, as you would be about the three-headed calf, or the fat woman.

Besides, I doubt if you want to know at all. Whether I'm the rabbit-like creature popularly supposed to be an essential to masculine domestic happiness, or whether I'm a female horse-tamer, I believe is all one to you. I guess you are trying to draw me out—make me quarrel. But I won't. I'm a man of peace.

Who am I? I'm a young woman of an affectionate disposition and good moral character, with my hair shingled. Moreover, I've a turn-up nose. Also, my hair is slightly tinged with gray, from early piety, praying in damp cellars, and frequently having been disappointed in love. And I often enjoy bad health.

What am I? I'm queer. At least such a thing has been hinted to me once or twice in my life. I'm "an arrant cheat?" Thank you. I think I'm about as honest as the majority of women—just about.

Have I an individuality, or am I the poor old stub of a half-worn out pen? *Yes.*

Give you a *truthful* account of myself? You're foolin', friend.

W. A. R. E., I thank you for your expression of interest. It is the Balm of a Thousand Flowers. It is music to my ears. It is like the divine harmony of a Calliope playing Tramp—Tramp—Tramp. May you be happy. May you never be a school-mistress.

Finally, I give you the Frenchman's benediction:—May the Lord pickle you for many years!

ZIG.

Post Scriptum. I'm a widow with seven small children, all of 'em white-headed.

Yours truly, ZIG.

☞ M. Jules Simon states, in his recent work on Labor, that there are beggars in Paris who have received alms from generation to generation far beyond the first Revolution—hereditary beggars, trained to beg and live no other way!

☞ The Cleveland (Ohio) Herald asserts that the lake steamboats now use fish for fuel. Huge sixty-pound sturgeon are flung head foremost into the furnaces. The oil assists the combustion of the wood—twenty sturgeon being equal to a cord of wood in the production of heat.

☞ Gas is being introduced into Webster, Mass., and a lady into whose residence the fitters were putting the pipes, inquired how often she must put in new wicks.

☞ In London recently, a man named Johns drowned himself with this note in his pocket: "Mrs. Johns, when you receive this note I shall be no more. You are the cause of my misery. I shall never trouble you again. The act I have committed will deprive you of all benefit from either club or insurance." At the inquest Mrs. Johns said her husband was a "brute."

☞ The Zanesville (Ohio) Signal, of last week, states that a few days since, a coffin, containing the body of a lady, was shipped from Parkersburg, West Virginia, on board the D. M. Seebles, for transportation to Guernsey county, *via* Wheeling. Upon reaching its destination, and being opened by the friends, their horror and dismay may be imagined upon discovering that the unfortunate lady had evidently come to life during her incarceration within the narrow limits of her coffin. Her hands were up to her head, and the tangled and disordered hair gave evidence of a struggle which must have been as brief as terrible.

☞ If a man is "steeped in poverty," won't it take all the strength out of him?

South American Civilization.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY COSMO.

CORROBORATIVE TESTIMONY—HEAD-LANDS, OF CRUSOE LAND—A FISHING PARTY—A COMPOUND TUMBLE OVERBOARD—AMONG THE SHARKS—KANAKA BILL—THE RESCUE.

In comparing that portion of my manuscript journal devoted to Crusoe Land with Mitchell's latest comprehensive atlas, and finding them to correspond so exactly in all the circumstantial and minor details that either might have been a copy from the other had Mitchell ever laid eyes on the journal, or Cosmo on Mitchell's atlas before publishing or writing the journal, I was much pleased to find that at last some other man than myself had found the features and characteristics of these Pacific atomic islands worth a record that might afford those who care to learn, and especially scholars in geography, a more extended and correct knowledge of such places than any previous publication has ever afforded.

Supposing Mitchell's modern atlas to be in the possession of several thousands of the readers of THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, I shall go on with the more confidence in future, so far as geographical positions are concerned, as if any one should say—"I don't know about this, Mr. Cosmo," my reply is—"There is our mutual friend Mr. Mitchell as an arbiter; you will believe him certainly." And now, if you please, let us take a last look at Mas-a-Tierra and leave it.

First, a few of its coast features that were passed by in our hurry to learn something of its internal structure, productions, &c. In circumnavigating the island, keeping the land well aboard, as sailors say, Crusoe Land assumes an entirely different appearance from that which it puts on at a few miles distant. Instead of being the regular trunk, or loaf-shaped bit of land it appears ten miles away, it becomes in its shore lines a rough, ragged *boot*, the long leg lying to the southward, and the great, disproportioned foot lying S. W. and N. E., with the toe to the eastward, the heel knocked off and worn round, and the whole structure wrinkled and knobby—at intervals deeply indented.

The point of the toe to the eastward is the Moro Head. Then going westward, we come to a rounded, projecting point, called Cape Bocatuo, and between these two head lands is situated Cumberland Bay, which Mr. Defoe called a "little cove," running up into the land. At the bottom of the bay is located Crusoe's Cave, and on the western head land, three-quarters of a mile distant, is the fort and village established by the Chilean government during the penal period. The heel of the boot is Punta Salinas, half way up the calf of the leg is Point San Juan—square off the top of the boot leg lies Santa Clara, a little low islet once connected with the larger island, but separated now by a shoal water channel of sufficient depth for a vessel drawing fifteen feet of water, but as the passage is full of ledges and shoal places, it is always safest to go round Santa Clara. Having turned the top of the boot we come first to Point Higgens, and standing on to the northward, we find in the instep a rather prominent projection, which is Chamels Point, which concludes the list of head lands, the shore running thence to the toe of the boot—Moro Head, in a straight, unbroken line.

As I have already remarked in another place, Mas-a-Tierra abounds with fish all around its entire coast. Indeed, it seems to be the favorite haunt or rendezvous for all the various fish families of the Pacific, in numbers as great as can conveniently crowd into its neighborhood. Some of the scaly fellows are exceedingly inconvenient neighbors and companions to other members of the finny inhabitants, as well as now and then to humanity. We had one day an exhibition of obnoxious fishy officiousness that for a little while made one of the main features of a most thrilling incident, ending in a laughable comedy, which but for a combination of fortuous circumstances would have resulted in a terrible tragedy.

We had concluded our island explorations and were preparing to sail in company with the other ships as far as Mas-a-Fuero, where our consorts would part company with the Esmeralda, they going on towards Honolulu, and we stopping to spend two or three days with the lone, desolate, uninhabited sister of Crusoe Land.

It was the afternoon before our departure, and having had our dinner on shore, in picnic fashion, we were all—every man and woman of us angling from the rocks on the eastern side of Cape Bocatuo, pulling up famous fish, providing a supply of fresh sea stores to come in so comfortably with our chickens, fresh pig, pork and kids.

Of all our party the pretty Dona Pauletta, Capt. Wilmer's girl bride, was the only one who had not succeeded in shaking off pretty effectually our canine, feline and rodent acquaintances, so that they no longer interfered seriously with our free movements. Dona Pauletta had made no effort to discourage her four footed friends. On the contrary she petted and encouraged their companionship, until at that date, on the day before our departure, it is probable that Mrs. Pauletta Wilmer had a longer train of cats and dogs as constant followers than any woman in this world ever had before. Four of the dogs, bigger, better looking and more respectable curs than any of their fellows, had attached themselves to the lady as an especial guard of honor, and it was both amusing and instructive to see how readily whenever Dona Pauletta drew up a fine fish, one or another of the sagacious fellows would pounce upon it and draw it back beyond danger of its flopping itself overboard again in its death throes. The only objectionable feature of their solicitous service was that occasionally one of them would dispose of a fish in a way that was utterly impossible for the victim ever to get into the water again, unless the dog should go with it. And they did at length—all four of them together; and several others who were not dogs, with or after them. The accident happened in this wise:

Pauletta was fishing between her sister, Dona Elina, on her right hand, and Dona Estrella, Capt. Marsden's Chilce wife on her left, all three chattering Spanish like magpies. Pauletta tugged up a famous *garupa* that flung adrift from the hook just as she got him landed, and was very likely to flop himself off the ledge again in about two seconds. Dona Pauletta made an impulsive, imprudent spring forward to secure the prize, two of the dogs did the same—all three were on the very verge of the cliff—Dona Elina sprang towards her sister from one side—at the same instant Dona Estrella threw herself forward from the other, in another moment down came the two remaining dogs like battering rams, thinking probably—if a dog ever does think, to save the fish or friend—perhaps both; but instead sending the *garupa*, two dogs, three brides and themselves as well, all rolling off the edge of the cliff together, and souse—splash, fourteen feet or so, down into the surf together.

In a wink our handsome *voyageur*, Tusant, who always acted first and thought about it afterwards, plunged overboard, followed first by O'Harra, five seconds later by Miles Sanford, Pauletta's husband, then by Capt. Cator. Capt. Marsden was just coming off from the Esmeralda with his whale boat after our fish, and was near enough to recognize his girl wife as one of the baptized brides, and instantly his boat was headed for the scene of disaster instead of the landing, towards which he had been steering.

There was no possibility of our rescuing any of our friends without ropes as we were, and the cliffs overhanging; but Sanford was supporting Elina bravely, Dona Estrella was swimming easily between Cator and O'Harra, while Dona Pauletta was held half out of water by Masonville and Dr. Hond, who had quietly dropped overboard unobserved. Thus the three brides would have been comfortably cared for until the arrival of the whale boat. But there was another death ten times more terrible than drowning menacing them all.

One of the dogs suddenly uttered a quick, sharp yell of agony—there was a rapid swirl of the water, a monstrous brown fin protruded above the surface—then the doomed dog disappeared, leaving a crimson tinge where he had been swimming, and in a moment we saw and comprehended all the horrors of the situation. The whole space about the swimmers was swarming with voracious sharks; many of them monsters of the white, shovel-nose and man-eater species.

Like the alligator, the shark has a particular fondness for dogs, and having had a taste of their tidbit and a smell of blood, the dogs would last them but a few moments, and then the turn of our friends would come. They were conscious of the terrible danger so imminent, and were floundering and splashing the water with all their might to intimidate the monsters. This succeeded for a few moments; but the last dog soon disappeared—the infernal sharks were gathering closer in a circle, hemming in their human victims. We drew in and held hard our breath, silently invoking God's aid for our doomed friends—that of mortal arms could avail them nothing.

The suspense was awfully painful—the sharks were almost upon them. Suddenly we sent up a simultaneous ringing shout—almost a glad cheer. A dusky vision flashed up the slope from the direction of the boat landing. A dark, half-naked barbarian, scarcely taller than a full-grown ape, with immensely long arms, a great brushy head of long, coarse and jet black hair flying in the breeze, black, flashing eyes, and such a set of teeth—gleaming almost from ear to ear in his hideous jaws, white as polished ivory.

Our *Kanaka* "shark-killer," Kame-oma-lie—or in English, Bill Davis, a faithful Sandwich Islander, who had been five years with Capt. Marsden, and who had found his highest happiness overboard among a shoal of man-eating, or shovel nosed sharks. Bill had been engaged in transporting our fish to the boat landing, and had seen the accident as he was coming up the slope.

"Ha! carsh muchee plentee spose—Goin kill twelve—four."

The wild Kanaka snatched a long-bladed knife from his belt, clenched it in his sharp, white teeth, and down he went head foremost, with a lunge, his hands locked above his head, but the instant he struck the water, out went his "flippers," and away he darted under water like a fish. In ten seconds a huge shovel-nose leaped his length above the surface, his belly slashed open more than three feet and all his entrails fallen out. Instantly the other ravenous monsters set upon and began devouring their wounded fellow, and then Kame-oma-lie was master of the situation and revelling in his Kanaka glory. Now and then the gleaming blade flashed above the surface, then a brief view of the swart features or dusky arm, and almost as rapidly as one could count, one after another the disemboweled man-eating monsters would leap out of water and fall back to become a prey to their surviving companions. Thus the brave Kanaka swam round and round, slashing, killing and keeping the sharks at bay until Capt. Marsden came dashing up, and they were all drawn into the whale boat without other damage than a thorough ducking and a severe scare.

That accident wound up our fishing, and bidding Crusoe Land *adois*, we went on board the Esmeralda, thankful that the almost tragedy had ended in a somewhat serious comedy.

There were liberal tenders of money to the brave Kanaka from all quarters, but Bill in his superstition held back, and wouldn't have a *media*.

"Me likee dollars muchee," he said. "But spoose me takee money, no possibly killee no more carsh."

But the grateful girls, and married donas, too, brides and all, would have a hug and half-a-dozen kisses of the hideous, dusky atom all round, at which Bill looked silly, saying:—

"Me likee kissee plentee. Sweet like Fakee Swaar's hoes kissee Bill—Wah-hoo—muchee palm land. Ladee huggee her good. More good Fakee Swaar's hoes. No bitee."

☞ The words of Emperors are emphatically "working" words. Napoleon's little speech at Auxerre cost the Empire, according to Mr. Isaac Pereire, two thousand millions of francs in two days, in the depression it occasioned of French securities and of foreign securities held by Frenchmen.

☞ The Secretary of State has published a paper from our legation at Stockholm, on the mode of catching sharks on the coast of Norway. Interesting as this document is, we still think that the information would be more important if it shed some light on the right mode of catching sharks nearer home.

☞ A new invention is being tested in Paris. An iron tube is run up the side of those trees in public gardens which require constant watering in summer. Up this tube water is to be forced, so as to produce an artificial shower when needed.

☞ "Of what use are forms?" exclaimed a petulant legislator to Dr. Franklin; "you cannot deny that they are often mere empty things!" "Well, my friend, and so are barrels, but nevertheless they have their uses," quietly replied the doctor.

☞ Night labor, in time, will destroy the student, for it is the marrow from his own bones with which he fills his lamp.

A Catch.

A fast young nobleman of Vienna, over head and ears in debt, and famous for his success with the fair sex, received recently a perfumed, rose-colored note, whose contents ran: "Sir, your agreeable face and figure have made such an impression on me, I earnestly desire to make your acquaintance. Come this evening to the Vienna Theatre. I have taken stall No. 78 in the parquette, and I have asked the ticket-seller to keep No. 79 for a gentleman who would ask for it, saying 'No. 79 forever.' I trust I may have the pleasure of seeing you. EMMA." The dandy dressed himself in a most elegant manner, and as soon as the doors were opened he applied for "No. 79 forever," and received it. As the curtain rose, a gentleman came into the theatre and took the seat. As soon as he was at his ease he bent over and whispered in the dandy's ears: "I am a constable; I have been hunting for you these fifteen days gone unsuccessfully. Don't make a scandalous scene here, for I tell you I have the warrant for your arrest in my pocket. If you will be quiet, you may hear the opera out." The fast man stared wildly enough for a few moments, and then, seeing resistance utterly hopeless, he remained quiet until the end of the opera, when he followed the constable to the debtor's jail.

Science and Fraud.

If swindlers were more familiar with science, frauds of a serious nature would indeed be frequent. Fancy, for example, a bill at three months' date, written in ink which completely disappeared in as many weeks! Such a thing is not impossible. But a more possible fraud has been shown to the French Academy at one of its late sittings by a distinguished *savant*. M. Fremy exhibited a diamond weighing about four grammes, which, under its ordinary condition, is slightly tinted yellow; but which, when submitted to a high temperature, assumes a rose tint, which it possesses for several days, only gradually being restored to its original hue. The diamond, which, at the time of exhibition, had the rose color, was kept in the cabinet of the Institute until the next meeting, when its original yellowish tint was restored. Now, the price of an ordinary diamond of the weight we have mentioned would be about 60,000 francs; but, with the delicate rose tint, it would be worth three times as much! This peculiar change having been observed, it may be quite legitimate to ascertain if any other diamonds possess this chameleon-like accomplishment.

The Mammoth.

At the last meeting of the Academy of Sciences a letter was received from M. de Baer, of St. Petersburg, in reference to the mammoth, still covered with its skin and hair, which had been discovered in the frozen soil of Arctic Siberia. This discovery had been made in 1864 by a Samoyede in the environs of Taz Bay, the eastern branch of the Gulf of Obi. The news only reached St. Petersburg toward the end of 1865; but as the bodies of large animals will keep a long while in those regions, if they are not completely uncovered, and as this mammoth was still inclosed in the frozen soil, the Academy of St. Petersburg has, with the aid of the Russian Government, sent M. Schmidt, a distinguished paleontologist, to examine the animal and its position in the locality. It is hoped M. Schmidt will arrive before the decomposition is too far advanced, and that a correct notion may be obtained of the outer appearance of the animal, and also, from the contents of the stomach, of its natural food. The pre-historical figure of the mammoth drawn on a piece of ivory, found in a cavern of Perigord by M. Lartet, will then admit of verification.

☞ CHURCHES WITHOUT SPIRES.—The New York Times notes as a curious fact, that all the churches on Broadway which have come to a bad end have been *without spires*; the old Tabernacle, torn down some years since, had no spire, nor were there spires on St. Thomas's, or Chapin's, or Osgood's. Between the Battery and Union Square there are now only three churches remaining—possibly they may be saved by their spires.

☞ A woman, about thirty-five years of age, was found dead in a back-yard near the City Road, in London, on the 18th inst., having strangled herself in a most extraordinary manner. A police officer, who gave evidence at the inquest, said she had fastened a piece of string—a penny ball of a thick twine—round her neck. She had evidently held with her left hand the end of the twine against the left side of her neck, while with her right hand she had wound the twine eighteen times round her neck. Every time that she had twisted the string round her throat she had pulled it tight. When she was found dead the remains of the ball of twine were in her right hand.

☞ Mr. Thompson, of Ceanuga, Ohio, has kept a record of the weight of milk in a private dairy, and has not been able to obtain more than a pound of cheese from a gallon of milk, beer measure.

☞ Mr. Pullman, the projector of the sleeping car improvement in railroad travelling, has just placed on some of the western roads new cars, with conveniences, luxuries and ornamentation quite in advance of anything yet produced. A novel arrangement of the trucks secures such a steadiness of motion that writing is as easily done as in a home library, and tables are provided for this purpose. One car, the "Omaha," is furnished with an organ.

☞ The following advertisement appears in a New York paper:—"All Negroes take Notice. You can become White. Lever's recent discovery will remove the pigmentary deposits from the skin, changing the darkest complexion to a bright olive in the course of from three to ten weeks. This compound is free from all poisonous and irritating qualities, and although its effects are rapid, yet it is perfectly harmless to the skin."

☞ The Plover (Wis.) Times says that the local election which should have occurred in that place on the 14th inst., was neglected by the entire population; the polls were not open; everybody had forgotten it. We question whether there is a second instance of this kind in the history of the country.

☞ A wide awake minister, who found his congregation going to sleep one Sunday before he had fairly commenced, suddenly stopped and exclaimed: "Brethren, this isn't fair; it isn't giving a man half a chance. Wait till I get along a piece, and then if I a'nt worth listening to, go to sleep; but don't go before I get commenced; give a man a chance."

☞ A correspondent asks why certain persons are so crazy as to insist that the blacks shall be included in the *pale* of society.

THE LETTERS.

Letters from my father's household,
Isled amid the sounding sea;
Swift-winged messengers of gladness,
Bearing rest and peace to me;
Father's calm and sacred counsel,
Mother's large and shining tears;
And my sister's brimming blessings
Flung to me across the spheres.

O, the dear and loving letters!
O, my childhood's thronging dreams!
O, the ancient low-roofed cottage,
With its quaint old oaken beams!
O, the haunts among the meadows,
And the moss-crowned garden seat,
Where the scented apple blossoms
Swept in waves about my feet.

And I sit and muse upon it
Till I seem to see it all;
See the rich grape's purple clusters
Drooping from the leafy wall;
See the mellow pears a-ripening,
Breathe the breath of blessed flowers,
Watch the steady house-clock marking
All the pulses of the hours.

Father's hair is growing whiter,
Mother's step is feebler now;
But the old seraphic beauty
Lingers yet on her meek brow,
And the low sweet tones that thrilled me,
And the lips I used to press,
O, the years can never win them
From their holy tenderness.

And the flashing eyes of laughter,
And the speech of merry scorn,
And the rippling auburn ringlets
Of our household's youngest born—
Very gently they have deepened
To the glory and the grace
Of a tranquil maiden, moving
Thoughtfully amid the place.

Letters from my father's household,
Isled amid the sounding sea;
Swift-winged messengers of gladness,
Bearing rest and peace to me;
Let the foaming world roar onward,
Let the sinless children play,
And the young bride clasp her husband;
I am wealthiest to-day.

ADRIANA.

BY JEAN BONCŒUR.

CHAPTER VI.

Day after day passed on, Mrs. Cunningham revoked her mental comment, and decided that her daughter-in-law's governess improved on acquaintance, and managed the children admirably.

"Margaret has been most fortunate in securing such a judicious person," said Mrs. Cunningham to Mr. Etheredge.

"Hem, yes," answered Mr. Etheredge, somewhat vaguely.

"Really, Richard, you should be less fastidious. You cannot meet with perfection."

"I don't expect it."

"You might at least be more considerate. I can see that Miss Linden is by no means at ease when you are near. Seriously, Richard, I'm sometimes half afraid of you myself."

Mr. Etheredge laughed.

"You have a way of piercing through one with your eyes."

"Have I, mother?"

"And then it is sometimes rather difficult to tell whether you are in jest or in earnest."

"Is it?"

"Then you are no laconic."

"There is an old saying, that it is well to know when to be silent."

"Now, I do not know in the least whether you mean anything or nothing by that speech, and we are going off our original topic, Miss Linden. You are very perplexing, Richard."

"I do not intend to be so, mother. But in what do wish me to agree with you as regards Miss Linden?—that she is very judicious, very suitable in every way, and that Margaret has been most fortunate in obtaining such a treasure? I shall be most happy to arrive at your conclusions."

"But at present you are unable to do so? However, you must allow that the children are very fond of her."

"Yes, I assent to that most fully. Pearl is fascinated, and Charley devoted."

Mrs. Cunningham looked but half satisfied. She was beginning to be fascinated herself, and did not care to have the castle she had been building up shaken in its foundations. Adriana's nervousness and coldness of manner the evening of her arrival were attributed to indisposition, and she believed the governess was now at ease and quite natural in her manner. To Mrs. Braddick it simply seemed that Adriana felt more at home, and consequently less constrained with them all.

Mr. Etheredge, however, was a deeper student of human nature than his mother or sister-in-law. He noticed a change, and noticed that if Adriana seemed more at ease, she was nevertheless more on her guard. He watched curiously, for he, like Adriana, felt on the eve of some drama whereof the plot was at present undeveloped. But he viewed it from a different stand-point; he was but a spectator, whilst she was an interested performer. Mr. Etheredge's intuitions were not lost upon Adriana; she perceived that he was aware of the change in her, and that he was observing all that passed. He knew that she was on her guard, and she knew that he knew it. In some ways it made it more difficult, in others more easy, for her to play out her part. She had nerved herself to hearing Charles Cunningham's name mentioned without an outward sign of emotion; she had sung the songs that she used to sing long since, and had listened to Mrs. Cunningham's praise of some of them as Charles's favorites with perfect calmness; and she heard without the moving of a muscle, nay, even with a sensation of pleasure, that in less than a month Mr. Braddick would be at Etheredge Court.

Long communing did she hold with herself in the silent watches of the night whether even now, at the eleventh hour, she could not retreat. Retreat! Was she beginning to be a coward? Would not retreat betray the feelings which Charles Cunningham might not have known? Might not have known? Could she so delude herself? She chose to do so because the argument favored the theory she wished to adopt: that it was her right and dignified course to remain where she was. Conscience in a moment shattered the fallacy, and whispered, "Go," but revenge stifled the whisper, and answered, "Stay;" and strong indomitable will chimed in with the response, and said, "I will stay, whatever the consequence; I am a free agent, and can choose. I see two paths, and I take my choice deliberately." So free-will conquered, and the warning voice was unheeded.

The struggle had commenced, right against wrong, the spirit against the flesh, the light against the darkness, the god-like against the devilish,—the struggle that goes on in human souls for all ages, the old yet ever new struggle known but by man's own individual experience. No tenets handed down relieve him from its discipline; it is the battle each must fight for himself unaided, the ordeal through which each one must pass alone, and woe to him to whom the fiery trial never comes. Alone, unassisted, as far as human help is concerned, for soul to soul is an impenetrable mystery, a secret inviolably kept, for it is a secret beyond the power of man to reveal.

Adriana did not blind herself now; she trusted to herself to be able to play out bravely the dangerous part she had undertaken. She trusted to keeping her foot firm on the slippery precipice she was about to tread. The smothered feelings that had lain dormant but unsubdued for so long burst forth like smouldering volcanic fires that do but bide their time to leap up into flames. The night was far advanced, but yet she felt no fatigue; her cheek was bright, and her eyes showed no sign of weariness. She unlocked a trunk, and from thence drew out a carefully folded parcel; her hand trembled slightly as she untied the knot, and there was a moment's hesitation ere she opened the paper.

Seven years since she made up that parcel! It is open now, but she does not yet see the contents, her eyes turn away, she remembers so well the night that she last wore that dress, those ornaments. The past is coming up before her, that night in particular; she shivers slightly, involuntarily she quails before the memory of the bitter grief that followed that night; her eyelids droop, her heart beats faster and faster. Oh for a burst of tears! But none come. The momentary weakness is past. Her glittering eyes are fixed upon the black dress of soft gauzy material. She shakes it out, and with the zest of a milliner examines it, notes how it may be altered so as to accord with a more modern fashion without entirely depriving it of its identity. She clasps the crescents of jet in her ears, and observes their effect upon the delicate white skin. She twists the curious cable chain round her slender throat, and fastens it together with the padlock clasp.

Can it be seven years since she unclasped it? In the dress in which he had last seen her, should he meet her after that lapse of time. How well the soft folds hung; there was but slight alteration needed. She could scarcely bring herself to replace the dress in her trunk, or to take off the ornaments. But the night was wearing on; slowly she drew the earrings from her ears, and as she laid by each well-remembered article, it seemed as though she could scarcely bear to lose sight of them. There was a strange confusion in her mind—regret and triumph, sorrow and revenge, injustice, justice, selfishness, pride, and humiliation. She felt the conflict, but she let it rage disregarded; free-will had chosen her destiny, and intended to carry it out. No, not her destiny, only the present path. Free-will was "rough-hewing her course," but could not quite shape it.

CHAPTER VII.

Mr. Etheredge was lounging lazily over his library fire, partly engaged in reading the newspaper and partly in meditation. From both these processes he was now and then aroused by a tap at one of the low, narrow windows, and an appeal from without that uncle Richard would come and play at "Hare and Hounds."

"Hardly a dignified occupation for uncle Richard," soliloquised Mr. Etheredge; nevertheless he moved towards the window as a preliminary step. The children were at the other end of the terrace with Miss Linden, evidently begging some favor which she was not disposed to grant.

Mr. Etheredge stepped out just as they were nearing the window again.

"Oh," said Pearl, "why did you not come sooner? we must go in now to our lessons."

"I am afraid the children will be tired," replied Adriana, in answer to Mr. Etheredge's look.

"Who could be tired to-day?" asked Pearl.

"Well, it is an invigorating day; we shall not have many more such, Miss Linden," said Mr. Etheredge, appealingly; "it is getting near the end of October, and November is coming—

November dark and drear,
The saddest month of all the year.

There, either some one says that or something like it, or else I've made it myself, and am entitled to have my wish granted according to the old saying."

"But you should not have spoken," said Adriana, laughing.

"I have not told my wish, therefore I am on the safe side at present. Will you say 'yes,' Miss Linden, without asking questions?"

"But if I have guessed beforehand, will not that prevent the accomplishment of the wish? Perhaps I may think it wiser not to grant it, even if I have any power in the matter."

"Matters with 'life' are always doubtful," answered Mr. Etheredge, with a quick glance, "and I demur to the right of making guesses. Do you think one has a right to make guesses?" he added, as if a new thought had occurred to him.

There was something in the tone that made Adriana look up, and she replied steadily:—

"Guesses are not inquiries; one cannot help them."

"True," returned Mr. Etheredge; "therefore they are allowable."

There might or might not be emphasis in Mr. Etheredge's tone; Adriana's conscience made her a coward, and she was willing to beat a retreat, even with disadvantage.

"I must say 'yes,' I suppose, to your wish, and pretend that I have not guessed it."

"Do not pretend anything—truth is best. It would be well if we all could guess right as easily as you have done, Miss Linden."

Adriana totally disagreed with this proposition, which, to her, carried with it the uncomfortable conviction that Mr. Etheredge was pursuing his speculations. She turned away abruptly, leaving the children with their uncle, and hastened to the house. As she passed through the long corridor, the library-door was once more open, and she felt a strong desire to look again on the picture. She had had no opportunity of looking at it since the day she had first seen it, though she had been many times in the room; but now Mr. Etheredge was with the children, and Mrs. Cunningham and Mrs. Braddick had just set off for a long drive, so that there was no fear of interruption.

A step outside, however, convinced her that such was not the case.

"I have soon been relieved of my charge, Miss Linden," said Mr. Etheredge; "their grandmamma insisted upon taking them off to Fallowfield. So you will have plenty of time to look at the books: you have not been reading much lately."

"No," returned Adriana, her color slightly rising.

"One is not always in the humor for reading," continued Mr. Etheredge.

"No." Adriana's hand was on a book.

"Is this your last study?" asked Mr. Etheredge, taking up the book. It was "Vanity Fair."

"No," again answered Adriana, vexed with herself for finding the monosyllable again capable of serving for an answer.

Mr. Etheredge seemed amused, and continued turning over the leaves. "Now," thought Adriana, "for a panegyric on that stupid Amelia. I may as well forestall it."

"I do not like Amelia, Mr. Etheredge."

"Neither do I."

"I should have thought you would have liked her."

"Why?"

Adriana had involved herself in a dilemma; she had, as was her usual custom, pursued the chain of thought in her own mind without considering whither it might lead.

"Why?" again asked Mr. Etheredge.

"Oh, I scarcely know. I was thinking of something. Amelia had so little sense."

"Is that an answer to my 'why?' or a continuation of your assertion?"

"I thought you were of opinion that women ought to have no sense—at least, I thought you objected to sensible women."

"What is your idea of a sensible woman, Miss Linden?"

"A person who has ideas, and understands how to act upon them."

"Suppose the ideas are not sensible, to begin with—will she be a sensible woman who carries them out? Does the carrying out of the idea redeem the idea?"

"But a sensible woman would of course have sensible ideas."

"Precisely, Miss Linden; but that does not define what constitutes a sensible woman. Sensible women," continued Mr. Etheredge, with a smile that somewhat annoyed Adriana, "must, I presume, be good logicians."

"I do not pretend to be a logician," began Adriana; then, suddenly seeing the inference that might be drawn, she stopped.

Mr. Etheredge fairly laughed.

"Nay," said he, "I was not impugning your claims to sense. I was investing the sensible ideal woman with reasoning qualifications."

Adriana was annoyed.

"Reasoning from an ideal is somewhat theoretic."

"You prefer the deductive mode?" and again the amused gleam shone in Mr. Etheredge's eye. "But, I beg your pardon, is there any model of the sensible woman that we can take?" His eye as he spoke fell upon the book he still held in his hand; the leaves opened as he placed it on the table at a sketch of Becky Sharp. "Was Becky Sharp a sensible woman?"

"She had sense—yes, I suppose so," said Adriana, dreamily, "and—"

"Sensible women must be good tacticians, and carry out their plans at the expense of every one else; selfishness, then, is an eligible qualification."

"Mr. Etheredge!"

"I was merely drawing from the model before me."

"There are twice as many excuses to be made for Becky as for Amelia. Consider the way in which she was brought up, or rather not brought up; how she had to struggle for herself, with everything against her; think what she might have been, as she herself meditates, if everything had gone smoothly with her—perhaps as good as Lady Jane, if the circumstances had been equal. I dislike people to condemn when they have had no trials, no temptations. People do not know what they will do till the time comes; probably just the reverse of what they have always intended. There are so many springs that govern one's actions, so many strange events that are hard to grapple with, so many undercurrents in the stream one floats along, that often we are carried beyond our depth, and—"

Here Adriana paused, for she became conscious that her auditor was regarding her attentively, and she knew that she had strayed away from the point in question.

"Scarcely admissible arguing, Miss Linden—quite away from the subject. I neither instituted a comparison, nor called for a defence. And I thought sensible women," he added, "could carry out their ideas, and not be carried away by them."

"We shall never come to an agreement, even if to an understanding. I suppose, however, you will be ready to admit that in the case of sensible women the exceptions are sufficiently numerous to prove the rule."

"I should not have sufficient courage to own to such an opinion, even if I held it," returned Mr. Etheredge, quietly.

Adriana was provoked; Mr. Etheredge's imperturbability annoyed her; he seemed to assume a calm superiority over her that was, to a person of her temperament, irritating in the extreme. She had a tolerable opinion of herself, and of her capacities; she felt her own powers, she believed that she did not overrate them. She had a certain faith in herself, on which she had hitherto prided herself, and here was a person whom she had known but a few weeks calmly setting aside this estimation she had formed, even leaving her to doubt if she might not have been mistaken in forming it. Yet again she felt sure that she had not; he was one who was mistaken; and up rose all the antagonistic feelings of her nature. She could not distrust, still less look down upon Mr. Etheredge; there was that in his clear piercing eye that drove the first away, and there was a mingled authority and frankness in his manner that prevented the latter. Still there was an unacknowledged yet decided antagonism between them. There was a repulsion that made her feel they were enemies, each on the look-out for the other's weak point—each with a match in hand ready to light the train at a given signal.

Adriana made no reply to Mr. Etheredge's last remark, and he added nothing to it, but turning to a table on which a large half-opened packet was lying, he said:—

"As you are fond of drawings, Miss Linden, perhaps you will help me to look over these Indian sketches of my brother's, and tell me which are worth keeping; they came by the last mail, and I am to use my discretion with regard to them, and I really know nothing about their merits."

"It does not always depend upon the absolute merit of a sketch whether one thinks it worth keeping. I am afraid I should be a poor adviser in the present case," answered Adriana, willing if possible to excuse herself from a task which brought up old memories to her mind, and made her more uncomfortable than ever under the penetrating glances of Mr. Etheredge. "It's a struggle between us, I know that," mused Adriana; "one watching, one biding; so far, I have the best of the fight, but the chances of war are always doubtful."

Mr. Etheredge had finished unfastening the packet—the first sketch lay before her.

"How beautiful! How wonderfully—"

She stopped: "improved" was the word on her lips, but her surprise had not quite taken her off her guard. Charles Cunningham had, in days gone by, attempted sketches; but this drawing surpassed anything she could have expected.

"Wonderfully what?" asked Mr. Etheredge. "Pray tell me if there is any particular phase in which I am to look upon the picture? If you can help me to a few artistic technicalities, I will make notes, and rise in my brother's opinion as a connoisseur."

"I know very little of technical terms. I know when a picture pleases me, and my eye tells me the difference between daubing and well-harmonized coloring; but beyond that I must profess ignorance."

"The confession of ignorance is the beginning of knowledge."

"That depends upon circumstances."

"Certainly, but still it is a step; without the knowledge of ignorance man would be ever willing to remain ignorant."

"'Ignorance is bliss,' sometimes, or said to be."

"I do not believe it; besides, your quotation is not a fair one—you have twisted it."

"But knowledge brings sorrow."

"Miss Linden, you really must study logic."

"Are you a good logician?"

"I have not confessed to being a sensible man yet," answered Mr. Etheredge, laughing.

"Nor I to being a sensible woman," said Adriana, coloring, and half vexed.

"Really?" said Mr. Etheredge, quietly.

"Not but that I approve of sensible women," said Adriana, collecting her forces for a defence; "and I really believe, Mr. Etheredge, that women can be and sometimes are sensible."

"I have not the slightest doubt of it."

Adriana was silent. Mr. Etheredge was an enigma, she almost thought him one of the most disagreeable people she had ever met with. He had an extremely annoying way of making her feel she had been saying foolish things, and yet she knew that she had sense enough—if she could only prove it to him. That she was not in a fair way to do so at the present moment, she was fully aware, and therefore she took the earliest opportunity of leaving Mr. Etheredge to finish examining the Indian sketches by himself.

As Mr. Etheredge turned over the drawings, examining some more minutely than the rest, a folded paper slipped out from between them, and in falling, its enclosure dropped on the floor.

Stooping to replace it, he glanced carelessly at it; it was but a rough sketch, yet there was evidently something much more interesting to him in it than in the more elaborate pictures, for he gave a start of surprise, much as Adriana had done in the library.

"Hum!" soliloquised Mr. Etheredge. It was not much of a speech, but the tone expressed a variety of sentiments. "Ha!" further ejaculated Mr. Etheredge; he discovered a date at the back of the sketch, a date of some seven years ago. "I wonder who drew it; not Charles, certainly; he has some taste, but not talent enough for anything like this; a likeness in a few scratches of the pencil, and not a bad one either; kept time with the original, or the original's kept time with it. How in the world did it come into his possession?" Mr. Etheredge turned the drawing round and round—no cipher, no inscription to elucidate. The large brown eyes looked steadily at him, clear and honest as the gaze that had answered more than once the keen scrutiny of his. "Act second of a mysterious drama," pondered he. "That there is a mystery is clear enough, and instead of its clearing it gets involved in more perplexities. Plot thickens towards the third act. Patience. I don't understand it. There is nothing underhand about that Miss Linden. I'd stake my life on her truth. How fond Pearl and Charley are of her—and children, like dogs, don't generally take to dishonest persons. They seem to have an instinct for what is real. An innate yearning after truth, the divine spark in the midst of original sin, the combating element whereby the strife is called into action, the light crushed down as life advances, and truth seems to be a lie. Crushed, quenched! O, ye, through whose lies upon lies your weaker brethren perish, how much sorer will your condemnation be than theirs! Rhapsodic," mused Mr. Etheredge, coming to a pause; "I might almost have been a preacher, but every walk of life is so beset with lies that to be nothing seems most righteously to accomplish the end of being. Illogical decidedly," and so ended his musings.

That night Adriana was roused from her dream-rife slumbers. Charley was in a burning fever, and his delirium cry was:

"Linna, Linna, I want my Linna."

No rest for Adriana now; hastily she obeyed the summons.

"Hush, darling, darling! Linna is here."

No further dreams, no thought of studied meetings, *his* child was dying. No, he must not die, he should not die, if but her care could save him. Oh, that she could draw the poison-fever from the child and take it to herself, and so breathe out her life in saving his. The father had given her death in life; might not the child more mercifully give her peace in death?

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

☞ A petroleum family has lately started in fashionable life, whose parlor is said to be so brilliantly furnished that they look at it only once a month, and then they do it through smoked glass.

☞ A man sued another for kicking his shins. The offender was fined three dollars. He very properly paid the fine in shinplasters.

☞ That American vulgarism, "a big thing," has crept into the English papers.

Cousin Amy's Side of the Story.

Those who have read (and who has not?) Alfred Tennyson's beautiful poem of "Locksley Hall," will be amused with the following from the *London Fun*, purporting to be "Cousin Amy's" side of the story:—

"I may as well begin by telling you that I never cared very much for Alfred; except, of course, as a cousin. Our mode of living at Locksley Hall was now and then a trifle dull, you see; and I found it a pleasant relief to get verses written in my album, or to have the leaves of my music-book turned over when I chose to play the 'Harmonious Blacksmith with Variations,' the March in *Blue Beard*, and the '*Minuet de la Cour*.' At the age of sixteen I could perform these three pieces with great fluency and expression; it was, therefore, much to be regretted that I could perform no others. The composition of the 'Harmonious Blacksmith' has been attributed, by the general voice of mankind, to Handel; and that of the March in *Blue Beard* is assigned with equal unanimity to Michael Kelly; but the authorship of the Court Minuet remains veiled in the mists of obscurity. But I will now resume the history of my unfortunate misunderstanding with young Alfred, beginning at the beginning.

"This poor boy's father was killed in the Mahratta war; and my beloved parents—the kindest parents that ever breathed—took charge of the orphan. It was no easy task, I should think, to so superintend the education of such a vain, forward, self-willed, and passionate child. The earliest thing I remember about him is that he caught a severe influenza through standing at the open staircase window several nights in succession, to watch the great Orion sloping slowly to the west. Nobody with a grain of common sense would have selected for these nocturnal experiments a constellation which is only visible during the coldest months in the whole year. My cousin's temper was not improved by illness, as you may imagine; and it was upon my devoted head that his displays of petulance usually fell. I persevered in my attentions to the wayward invalid nevertheless; and ultimately had the satisfaction of seeing him arrowrooted into health again.

"Years rolled by in alternate quarrels and reconciliations, until I reached the age of seventeen. My cousin Alfred was about a twelvemonth older; it was consequently high time that he should select some trade or profession. Any lad with an atom of spirit would, long before that age, have preferred earning an honest livelihood by his own exertions to living in dependence upon his relatives; but the notion of hard work was distasteful to this impetuous youth. He must needs become a poet—a resolve which was confirmed by my thoughtless approval of some verses he had lately written. I could scarcely help laughing outright on his confessing to me that he entertained serious hopes of being made Poet Laureate after the death of Mr. Wordsworth. Such presumption would have been inexpressibly comical had it not been inexpressibly painful. Another proof of this young man's modesty may be found in the fact of his proposing that I should become his wife. Excessively probable, forsooth, that Miss Amy Locksley, the future *châtelaine* of Locksley Hall, would unite her destiny to that of a penniless and obscure scribbler! I returned an evasive answer, which saved me, I have no doubt, from a terrific outburst of abuse and vituperation. Certainly I told no falsehood in saying that I loved him; for I *did* love him—as a cousin. Anything beyond that was, of course, entirely out of the question.

"About a month after this occurrence, Alfred went up to London to seek his fortune at the point of his pen. I need hardly say that his matrimonial intentions had not been confided to my parents. With all his faults (and they were many) my cousin was not sufficiently heartless to inflict *that* pang upon his benefactors; and the love-passages between us were kept a profound secret. We corresponded regularly for some time; but our letters very soon began to decrease in length and interest. Alfred was evidently absorbed in the society of artists, musicians, and men of letters; and I was equally absorbed in preparations for my approaching marriage. The match was in every respect a good one; and I have never yet found cause in it for one moment's regret, after twenty-five years of unalloyed happiness. My dear husband's tastes are simple; and his chief interests, apart from those which concern my own comfort and the education of our children, appear to be centred in his dog and his horse. I am thankful that my father and mother were spared to witness our domestic felicity before they were borne away to sleep their last sleep in the family vault of the Locksleys.

"Of Alfred I have seen and heard nothing since a year after my marriage. At that period he was discovered prowling about our park by one of the footmen. On being invited by the man to step into the servants' hall and take some refreshment, he angrily declined. He was shortly afterwards seen at the Locksley Arms, down in the village, in the company of several dissolute authors, who amused themselves by blowing on the bugle-horn, and drinking considerably more than was good for them.

"By the way, I have heard it vaguely rumored that my cousin has lately thought proper to publish a tissue of misrepresentations and calumnies respecting myself, my parents, and my husband. I can assure him that he is at liberty to make whatever use he pleases of our names; and, at the same time, I regret that he is unable to earn a dinner by more honest and reputable means. My intimate friend, Lady Clara Vere de Vere, has informed me that I am not the only sufferer from these vindictive attacks. Should their author ever attain, as he once fondly hoped, the dignity of the Laureateship, I trust that he will, at least, pay to the highest lady in the land the compliment of confining his personalities in future to offenders of his own sex."

☞ A curious typographical error appeared in a morning paper recently. In giving an account of an inquest, it was stated, "The deceased bore an *accidental* character, and the jury returned a verdict of *excellent death*."

☞ "I declare, Mr. Goldthumb, you have read every thing." "Why, ma'am, after working thirty years as a trunk-maker, it would be to my shame if I didn't know something of the literature of my country!"

☞ A Dutchman carried two mugs to the milkman in place of one, as usual, and being asked the meaning of it, replied, "Dis vor to millich, an' dis for te vater, an' I vill mix tem zo as to soote myself."

THE JUNE DREAM.

A garden in the burning noon,
Green with the tender green of June,
Save where the trees their leaves unfold
Against the sky, less green than gold,—
A garden full of flowers, as bright
As if their blooms were blooms of light!

There, while the restless shadows play
Upon the grass, one comes to-day
Musing and slow, but fair of face,
Gentle and winning as a Grace,
Rosy and beautiful to see,
And in the June of life is she.

Among the flowers and by the trees
She comes, yet tree nor flower sees,—
In vain the golden pansy blows,
Vainly the passion-hearted rose,
And—trembling in the gusty swells—
The campanula's purple bells.

These in her fancies have no part:
She wanders dreaming in her heart,
And ever, while around her flows
A silken ripple as she goes,
The sound of winds and waves it takes
And helps the pictures that she makes.

Wide underneath the June-blue sky
She sees the breadths of ocean lie,
And with the opal's changeful range
From blue to green alternate change,
While still the sunshine on its breast
Trembles and glows in its unrest.

And on the far horizon—white
A sail is shining in the light,
And what she hears is not the breeze
That trembles in the shimmering trees,
It is the wind that fierce and strong
Hurries that yielding ship along.

It cuts its way with creak and strain,
The sail is wet with spraying rain;
But o'er the side one scans the foam,
And dreams and ever dreams of home,
And of the heart that, madly pressed,
Still seems to throb against his breast.

O, brave young sailor! Eyes of blue
Like thine were never aught but true;
And truth dwells on those lips that yet
Scarce with the salt sea-brine are wet,
And in that peach-like cheek the flame
That burns can never burn with shame!

In all the fears that wring her heart
Doubt of thy truth has never part,—
She fears the flush of angry skies,
The winds that roar, the waves that rise,
Wreck, death, whatever ill may be,
But, no, she has no fear of thee.

A tender melancholy lies,
A shadow in her downcast eyes,
While by the trees and through the flowers
She thinks of the departed hours,—
Regret her loving heart *must* bear,
But anguish has no portion there. W. S.

DREAM-HAUNTED.

I had just come back from India with my family, after living there for several years; and my first occupation, after discussing my first breakfast in town, was to run carefully through the *Times'* supplement, and pick out whatever advertisements had reference to country residences for sale or occupation. The advertisement which took my fancy more than any other, was one relating to a house named "Gledhills," situate in one of the Midland shires, and in the heart of a good hunting country. Next day, I ran down by train to have a look at the place. I found it to be a roomy red-brick mansion, dating from the reign of the second George, and built after the mean and formal style of a period remarkable for its poverty of invention in other things besides architecture. It was, however, tolerably spacious within doors, and in excellent repair; moreover, as it stood within a small demesne of its own, and had a capital walled garden, with good stables and other offices, I thought that it would suit me very well for a few years to come; and I decided to inquire more fully respecting the terms of occupation, for the house was only to be let on lease, not sold. By the ancient man-servant who showed me over the place, I was referred to a certain Mr. Lomond, an inhabitant of the neighboring town, whom I naturally set down in my own mind as the agent for a non-resident landlord.

The town was only a mile and a half away, and to every man, woman, and child in it, the name of Mr. Lomond seemed familiar. I was directed to a pretty little cottage in the outskirts, half-covered with honeysuckle and clematis; and just as I was about to knock at the door, Mr. Lomond himself came up, equipped with rod and basket, and having the hearty sunburnt look of a genuine fisherman. "No common house-agent this, but a thorough gentleman," I said to myself.

After a few words of introduction, I stated the business that had brought me so far from home. "I hope you find the old place to your liking?" said Mr. Lomond. "Of course," he went on to say, "many of my country friends deprecate the letting of Gledhills at all, and urge upon me the propriety of living there myself. But what would you have? My income, thanks to the roguery of a person who shall be nameless, is far too limited to allow of my keeping up the old place as it was kept up by my father and grandfather, and by a dozen Lomonds before them. I could neither afford to visit nor to receive company, as the Lomonds of Gledhills have been used to do; and being a bachelor, and a poor man withal, it seems to me a more sensible plan to make a home for myself in this little cottage, which is my own property, and trusting to my gun and rod for sport and exercise, leave some one with a longer purse than mine to enjoy the grandeur of the big house, and pay for the privilege in the shape of a welcome addition to my income."

I told him frankly, that from what I had seen of the house, I thought it would suit me very well; and then we entered upon the question of terms, which I found to be sufficiently reasonable; accordingly, I expressed my desire to have the preliminary arrangements concluded as quickly as possible, in order that I might be enabled to remove my family, and take possession of the house at an early date.

"You are not a bachelor, then, like myself?" said Mr. Lomond, with an inquiring smile.

"I have been a Benedict these dozen years," I replied; "and as my wife's health is somewhat delicate, and as the air of London does not suit her, I am anxious to get her down into the country as soon as possible."

Mr. Lomond did not answer for a moment or two, but drummed absently on the table with his fingers, and was evidently revolving some knotty point in his own mind.

"Before this matter is finally settled between us," he said at last, "there is one little favor that I must ask you to do for me; a very slight favor indeed."

"You have but to name it, Mr. Lomond," said I.

"Don't go back home till to-morrow," he said earnestly. "Sleep to-night at Gledhills. Dobson and his wife, who have charge of the house, will find you a tolerable dinner, and make you up a comfortable bed. I will walk over in the morning and see you; and then, if you are still in the same mind that your are in now, I will have the agreement drawn up at once, and you can enter upon your occupancy the following day."

"But my family will expect me home this evening," I said; "besides which, I cannot see in what way my sleeping a single night at Gledhills can affect my determination to become its tenant."

"You can telegraph to your family that you will not be home till to-morrow," said Mr. Lomond; "and as for the other point of your objection, all I can say is, that I have my reasons for wishing you to do as I ask you: my desire is based on no mere whim, and to-morrow I will tell you what those reasons are."

After some further conversation, I agreed to accede to Mr. Lomond's wish, which had an element of singularity about it that interested me in spite of myself. It was accordingly arranged that he should at once send off a special messenger to have dinner and a bed got ready for me at Gledhills, while I rambled about the town for an hour, and visited the ruins of the old abbey. Ten o'clock the following morning was named for our next meeting.

The autumn day was drawing to a close when I found myself walking up the avenue towards the old mansion. The same old man whom I had seen before answered my summons at the door. He bowed respectfully at sight of me, and informed me that Mr. Lomond had sent word that I was about to dine and sleep at Gledhills, and that everything was prepared for my reception. As I crossed the threshold, the great door closed behind me with a dull, heavy crash, that vibrated through every corner of the house, and awoke a foreboding echo in my heart. Preceded by my ancient guide, whom age and rheumatism had bent almost double, I crossed the desolate-looking entrance-hall, passed up the grand staircase, and so through a pair of folding-doors into the drawing-room, beyond which was a suite of smaller rooms, of which two had now been set apart for my service. How chill and cheerless every thing looked in the cold light of the dying day! Now that the glamor of sunshine rested no longer on the place, my fancy refused to invest any of those bare, desolate rooms with the pleasant attributes of home; and already, in my secret mind, I half repented my facile eagerness in being so willing to accept without further experience this worm-eaten old mansion, tenanted, doubtless, by the ghosts of a hundred dead-and-gone folks, as a shelter for my household gods, a home for all that I held dear on earth.

The two rooms set aside for me I found to be comfortably furnished, in a neat but inexpensive style; but when I understood from the old man that ever since the death of the last tenant, three years before, they had been furnished and set aside, ready for the reception of any chance visitors, like myself, who, either by their own wish, or that of Mr. Lomond, might decide to pass a night at Gledhills, and that three or four would-be occupants before me had so slept there a night each, and had gone on their several ways next morning, never to be seen under that roof again, I began to think that there might perhaps be something more in Mr. Lomond's stipulation than was visible on the surface.

Having dined, and done ample justice to Mr. Lomond's claret, and being possessed in some measure by the demon of unrest, I took my cigar, and strolled along the corridor, and so came presently into the great empty drawing-room, in which the moonbeams were now playing a ghostly game of hide-and-seek. It was unCarpeted, and destitute of furniture, and its oaken floor creaked and groaned beneath my tread, as though it were burdened with some dreadful secret which it would fain reveal, but could not. Outside each of the three long, narrow windows with which the room was lighted, was a small balcony, below which stretched a velvety expanse of lawn, set here and there with a gay basket of flowers, the whole being shut in by a clump of sombre firs. I have said that the room was destitute of furniture, but I found after a time that it still contained one relic of its more prosperous days, in the shape of a family portrait, which still hung over the mantel piece, as it had hung for half a century or more. When I became aware of this fact, I fetched one of the candles out of my sitting-room, in order that I might examine the picture more closely. It was a full-length portrait of a man in the military costume that was in vogue towards the end of last century. The face was very handsome, with a proud, resolute beauty of its own, that would have been very attractive but for a vague, repellant something—a hint of something tiger-like and cruel lurking under the surface of that artificial smile, which the artist had caught with rare fidelity, and had fixed on the canvas for ever. It must have been something in the better traits of the countenance that taught me to see a likeness to my pleasant piscatorial friend, Mr. Lomond; and I could only conclude that the portrait before me was that of some notable ancestor of the present master of Gledhills.

The fatigues of the day, and the solitude to which I was condemned, drove me to bed at an early hour; but there was something about the novelty of my position that precluded sleep for a long time after I had put out my light, and I remember hearing some clock strike twelve, while I was still desperately wide awake; but that is the last thing I do remember; and I suppose that I must have slid off to sleep a few minutes later, while still in the act of asseverating to myself that to sleep there was for me an impossibility. Whether I had slept for hours or for minutes only, when I woke up in the weird land of dreams, is a point on which I can offer no opinion. I awoke to that consciousness which is possessed by dreamers, and which, in many cases, is quite as vivid as the consciousness of real life; but throughout the strange wild drama that followed, I was without any individuality of my own; I had all the consciousness of a spectator, without the responsibility of one. I was nothing; I had no existence in my own dream; I was merely the witness of certain imaginary occurrences, which took place without any reference to me, and I was powerless to prevent or influence in the slightest degree.

Before me was the drawing-room at Gledhills—I recognized it at once by the portrait of the soldier over the fireplace. The walls, painted of a delicate sea-green, were hung with numerous pictures and engravings in rich frames. A thick Aubusson carpet covered the floor; and in the huge fireplace, a wood-fire that had nearly burned itself down to ashes, was slowly expiring. The furniture was chintz-covered, and curtains of chintz draped the three high narrow windows. Standing in one corner, between the quaintly-carved legs of a mahogany chiffonier, was a tall Mandarin jar, with an open-work lid, from which was exhaled a faint indescribable perfume, as of the bruised sweetness of a hundred flowers; in the opposite corner stood a harp; books richly bound were scattered about the room, which was lighted by a number of wax-candles fixed in lustres over the mantel-piece.

Seated at a little fancy table, was a girl, eighteen or twenty years old, making-believe to be busy with her embroidery, but with a mind evidently pre-occupied by some more important subject. She had on a short-waisted white dress, after the fashion of those days, from which her long narrow skirts fell away in sedate folds, utterly guiltless of all modern modes of extension of circumference. Her face was beautiful, and she had the air of a person quite conscious of that fact; but underlying this charm of regular features, there was something resolute and proud, that carried the mind back, as by an instinct, to the portrait over the fireplace. She had loosened the thick masses of her chestnut hair, and they now fell low down over her shoulders, confined only by a narrow band of blue velvet. Round her neck was a thin chain of gold, from which hung a locket, which she drew every now and then from the bosom of her dress, and pressed with feverish eagerness to her lips. The same impatience was visible in the way in which she would put a few quick stitches into her embroidery, and then pause, with the needle in her fingers, to listen intently, and so lapse into a dreamy absent mood, out of which she would wake up in a minute or two with a start, and begin to ply her needle again as restlessly as before.

That something for which she was so impatiently waiting came at last—a low, clear, peculiar whistle, heard by me so distinctly through the midst of my dream, and remembered so well when I awoke, that I could afterwards reproduce it exactly. The young lady started to her feet the moment the signal fell on her ear. Her eyes flashed with a newer radiance; her soft lips pouted into a smile; while from her bosom upward a lovely flush spread swiftly, as though Eros had touched her that instant with his torch, and already the celestial flame was coursing through her veins. A brief minute she stood thus, like a lovely statue of Expectancy; then she hurried to one of the windows, and drawing aside the long chintz curtain, she placed a lighted candle close to the window as an answering signal. Then, having withdrawn the candle, and replaced the curtain, so that the window from the outside would seem quite dark again, she left the room, to return presently with a ladder of thin rope, to which were affixed two hooks of steel. Her next proceeding was to look the three doors which opened into the drawing-room, and having thus secured herself from intrusion, she passed out of sight, behind one of the curtains; and then I heard the faint sound of a window being cautiously lifted, and I knew, as well as though the whole scene was visible to me, that she was fixing the rope-ladder to the balcony by means of its hooks, and that presently her lover would be with her.

And so it fell out. A little while, and the curtain was lifted; the lady came back into the room; and following close upon her steps came a tall stranger, dark and handsome, like a true hero of romance.

"My darling Lenore!"

"My dearest Varrel!"

He took her in his arms, and stooped and kissed her fondly; and then he drew her to the light, and gazed down into her eyes, in which nothing but love for him was then visible, and then he stooped again and kissed her not less tenderly than before. His roquelaure and hat had fallen to the ground, and he now stood revealed, a man of fashion of the period. As before stated, he was eminently good-looking, with languishing black eyes, and a pensive smile, such as one usually endows Rome with in imagination. He wore his hair without parting of any kind, in a profusion of short, black, glossy curls, in which there was no trace of the elaboration of art, and he was clean-shaven, except for a short whisker that terminated half-way down his cheek. He wore a blue coat with gilt buttons, swallow-tailed, short in the waist, and high-collared. His waistcoat was bright yellow as to color, crossed with a small black stripe; a huge seal depended from the fob of his black small-clothes; and the Hessian boots in which his lower extremities were encased, were polished to a marvellous degree of brilliancy. His cravat, white and unstarched, and tied with a large bow, was made of fine soft muslin; and the frilled bosom of his shirt had been carefully crimped by conscientious feminine fingers. In this frill he wore a small cluster of brilliants; while a large signet-ring, a genuine antique, decorated the first finger of his right hand.

Such was the appearance of Sir Derwent Varrel; and absurd as a costume like his would now seem on the classic flags of Bond street or St. James's, it yet became the baronet admirably, while he in return lent it a grace and distinction which made it seem the only attire proper for a gentleman.

"Why did you not come last night?" said Lenore. "Hour after hour, I waited for you in vain."

"'Twas not my fault, dearest, that I did not; of that rest well assured," answered Varrel. "Business that brooked not delay kept me from your side. I was hugely chagrined."

"That weary, weary business!" sighed Lenore. "'Tis ever man's excuse. But now that you are here, I will not be melancholy. Ah, that I could be for ever by your side!"

She nestled her head shyly on his bosom. He stroked her chestnut hair softly with his white hand, and looked down on her with a crafty and sinister smile—such a smile as might light up the face of a fowler when he sees the fluttering innocent which he has been doing his best to entice, begin to turn longingly towards the snare.

"Little simpleton!" he replied, pulling her ear. "You speak as if what you long for were impossible of attainment; whereas one word from you would make it a blissful certainty, and render two loving hearts happy for ever."

"I cannot, Varrel—I cannot say that word. Ah, why does my father dislike you so much?"

"My faith! how should I know? But dislike is not the word, little one. You should ask, why does he hate me so intensely? There are those who gladly calumniate me, and for such he has ever a ready ear: for I am unfortunate enough to have many enemies, and doubtless twice as many faults."

"No, no, I will not hear such language," exclaimed Lenore. "In time my father will relent, and then—"

"Never, girl!" said Varrel fiercely. "Colonel Lomond is not made of melting stuff. His hatred of me he will carry with him to the grave. Never look for change in him. Sweet one," he added, changing his tone in a moment to one of low-breathing imploring tenderness—"sweet one, as I have told thee before, both thy fate and mine are dependent on a single word from those rosy lips. Be mine, in spite of every one! I am rich, and can supply thy every want. We will go abroad; and in some lovely Italian valley, or fair isle of the eastern seas, we will forget our bygone troubles, and watch the happy days glide softly past, while rounding our lives to that perfect love which alone can bring back Eden to this weary earth. O, Lenore, dearest and best-loved, flee with me at once and for ever!"

She was standing by the little table, smiling, trembling, and yet with tears half starting from her lids, while he, kneeling on one knee, was covering her hand with passionate kisses.

"O, Varrel, you try me almost beyond my strength," she murmured. "But I cannot, I dare not do as you wish. You know not my father as well as I do. He would seek me out and kill me—and you too, and you, too, Derwent! wherever we might be. His vengeance would be terrible and pitiless."

"Timid little puss!" he said, half scornfully, as he rose and encircled her waist with his arm. "Am I not competent to protect thee against the world? Fear nothing. For this house of bondage, for this stagnation of heart and soul, I will give thee life, and light, and love. Thou shalt exchange this—"

"Hush!" exclaimed Lenore suddenly with a smothered shriek. "I hear my father's footfall on the stairs. To the window, Varrel, or you are lost!"

One hasty kiss, and then Varrel dashed aside the chintz curtain, and sprang to the window, only to fall back next moment into the room like a man stricken in the dark. "A thousand devils! I have been betrayed," he exclaimed. "The rope-ladder is gone, and I see the figures of men moving about the lawn. Lenore, you must hide me!"

"Too late—too late!" she sobbed.

They both stood for a moment as though changed to stone, while the footsteps came with a heavy tramp along the echoing corridor, and halted outside the door. The eyes of Lenore and Varrel turned instinctively to the door-handle, and they saw it move as it was tried from the other side, but the door was still locked.

"Open, Lenore—it is I," said a stern voice from without; and the summons was emphasized by a heavy blow on the panel of the door.

"O, Varrel, I dare not disobey!" said Lenore in an agonized whisper. "Hide yourself behind the curtains; perhaps he may not know of your presence here; and when he shall have gone to his own room, we must plan your escape. Hush! not a word. Hide! hide!"

"Why this foolery of locked doors?" said he who now came in. "Am I to be barred out of my own rooms by a child like you?"

"The night was so dark, and—and I felt so lonely, and—and—"

"And—and you did not expect your father back so soon," he said, mimicking her tone with a sneer. "Is it not so, you white-faced jade?"

"Indeed, papa, I—" pleaded the trembling Lenore.

"Don't prevaricate, girl!" he said with a savage stamp of the foot. "Come, now, you will tell me next that you have had no visitors—eh?"

"Indeed, no, papa," said Lenore with painful eagerness.

"Been quite alone ever since I left home this afternoon?"

"Quite alone, papa."

A faint dash of color was coming back into her cheeks by this time; she began, perhaps, to hope that after all this questioning his suspicions would be allayed, and he would go to his own room. If such were the case, his next words must have undeceived her terribly.

"You lie, girl—you lie!" he said, in a voice whose sternness was not without a tremble in it; and as he spoke he touched Varrel's hat contemptuously with his foot, which up to that moment had lain unheeded on the floor. "Oh, that child of mine should ever live to deceive me thus!" His clasped hands and upturned face seemed to appeal to Heaven against the falsehood that had just been told him; but next instant the look of anguish died from of his face, and his features settled back into more than their former harshness as he strode across the floor and flung back the curtain, behind whose folds Varrel was concealed. "Behold the proof!" he cried. "Behold the damning proof! O, Lenore!"

For a moment the two men stood eyeing each other in silence. Lenore, with a pitiful cry, fell at her father's feet, but he heeded her no more than if she had been a stone.

In the father of Lenore I beheld the original of the picture over the drawing-room mantelpiece; only he seemed older and more grizzled, and his features more deeply marked with the carving of Time's chisel than in his portrait. He had on a sort of military undress suit, with a pairy of heavy riding-boots and spurs, and a short, heavy whip in his hand.

"This, Sir Derwent Varrel, is an unexpected honor," said Colonel Lomond, in a tone of unconcealed irony, as he made the baronet a sweeping and ceremonious bow. "Pray—pray let me beg of you to emerge from an obscurity so uncongenial to one of your enterprising disposition. That is better, Lenore, child; let us have a little more light on the scene—it is a pleasure to look on the face of an honest man—and we may, perchance, need it all before we have done. More light, girl, do you hear? And now, perhaps, Sir Derwent Varrel will favor us with some explanation—any, the most simple, will of course do for me—of how he came to be hidden, like a common thief, behind the curtains of my drawing-room."

Varrel's pale, olive cheek flushed deeply at this little speech, and a dangerous light began to glitter in his eyes as he stepped out of his hiding-place, and advanced into the room.

"Colonel Lomond shall have an explanation as simples as he desires," he said. Then he stopped to refresh his nerves with a pinch of snuff.

"You are aware, sir," he resumed, "that I love your daughter; that several months ago I would fain have made her my wife; and that your consent alone was wanting to such a union."

"Precisely so," said Colonel Lomond, in the iciest of tones, as he balanced the handle of his riding-whip between his thumb and finger.

"You might prevent our marriage, sir, but you could not keep us from loving one another," said Sir Derwent, proudly.

"In other words, my daughter had still sufficient respect left for me to refuse to wed you without my consent; but you had not sufficient respect for her to refrain from using your influence over her weak girl's will to induce her to deceive her father, and to consent to nocturnal assignations with a libertine like yourself, Lovel. The word is sullied in coming from such lips as yours. You and I, Sir Derwent Varrel, had high words together six months ago, and I told you then that I would rather see my daughter lying in her coffin than wedded to such a one as you; and those words I repeat again to-night. Come hither, girl," he added, seizing Lenore roughly by the wrist, "come hither, and choose at once and forever between me and this man, who has taught thee to lie to thy father. What do I say? Nay, there can be no choice between such as this man and me. I tell thee, girl, that thy ignorance cannot fathom the depths of such iniquity as his. A gambler so deeply tainted that in no society of gentlemen is he allowed to play; a libertine so vile, that to couple a woman's name with his is a passport to dishonor; a sharper and blackleg, who has been twice hooted off the Newmarket course; a bankrupt so desperately involved that only by a wealthy marriage—with such a one, for example, as the heiress of Gledhills—can he hope, even partially, to retrieve his fortunes. Bah! what can thy country-bred ignorance know of these things?"

"Hard words, Colonel Lomond, very hard words," said Sir Derwent, disdainfully; "but I am happy to think, utterly incapable of proof."

"Hard words! ay, hard enough to have moved an innocent man to righteous anger, but not, as it seems, to flutter thy slow-beating pulses ever so faintly; and that because thou knowest them to be true. Proof! Here's one out of a dozen. Who lured sweet Mary Doris from her home in yonder valley, and hid her away in London past the finding of her friends? Who held the simple village beauty lightly for a month or two, and then discarded her to starve or die as she might think best? Who but you, Sir Derwent Varrel, unless this letter also lies—a letter signed with your name, and found in the poor child's pocket when she lay with white staring face and dripping hair in the dead-house by the river. And now it is my daughter thou seekest to entrap!"

As Colonel Lomond drew from his pocket the letter of which he had been speaking, Lenore, with a low cry of anguish, sank fainting to the floor; and the horror-stricken Varrel reeled backward like one suddenly stabbed.

"Reptile! it is time the score between us were settled," said Colonel Lomond with a venomous ferocity of tone. "Only one of us two must leave this room alive."

"I cannot—I dare not fight with you," murmured Varrel.

"Oh, ho! do not think to escape me thus. You refuse to fight. Then take the punishment of cowards." And with that the heavy thong of Colonel Lomond's riding-whip whistled through the air, and came down on Varrel's neck and shoulders twice, twisting round his face on the second occasion, and leaving a thin, livid wheal across his cheek where it had cut into the flesh. Varrel's first impulse was to shrink backward with a mingled cry of rage and pain; but the next instant he closed with the colonel, and wresting the whip from his hands, flung it to the other end of the room.

"Give me a sword—a pistol—a weapon of any kind!" he cried hoarsely. "This vile treatment absolves me from all consequences. Colonel Lomond, your blood be upon your own head!"

The colonel smiled sweetly on him. "Well spoken," he said, "only that you express yourself somewhat after the Furioso fashion. Your cry to arms is worthy of all praise, and I hasten to comply with it. In this cabinet, sir, are a couple of as pretty playthings as ever gladdened the eyes of a gentleman. *Voilà!* they are both alike in every particular. The choice is yours!"

Varrel's fingers closed over the hilt of one of the rapiers thus presented to him; and while he tried its edge and temper, by running his finger and thumb appreciatively along its length, and by bending its point back nearly to the hilt, Colonel Lomond disembarrassed himself of the cumbrous overcoat in which he was enveloped; and next minute the two men fronted each other.

"Garde vous, monsieur!" cried Colonel Lomond as he made the first pass.

It was thoroughly understood by both of them that they were fighting for dear life—that neither of them must look for mercy from the other. Both of them were excellent swordsmen, but Sir Derwent had the advantages of youth and agility on his side, and he pressed the colonel hardly, who, while keeping up his defence warily, yet felt himself compelled to retreat step by step before the desperate lunges of his antagonist.

The clash of the swords seemed to rouse Lenore from the stupor into which she had fallen. With her hands pressed to her temples, and with glaring eyeballs, that followed every movement of the combatants, she staggered to her feet. Her lips moved, but no sound came from them. Perhaps she was asking herself whether it were not all a hideous nightmare, which the first breath of reality would dissipate for ever. With the same mingled look of horror and unbelief on her face, she watched the two men coming slowly down the room again, for Colonel Lomond was still slightly overborne by his more youthful antagonist. The rapiers clashed together; bright sparks flew from their polished blue-black surface, as they struck each other, and bent and quivered like things of life in the grasp of the sinewy hands that held them.

The combatants were just opposite the spot where the half-demented Lenore was standing like one incapable of motion, when suddenly, at a movement in tierce, the point of Colonel Lomond's rapier snapped off; an advantage which Varrel instantly followed up with a dexterous stroke, which sent the colonel's broken weapon flying across the room. Lenore, with the quick instinct of love, divined her father's danger; and the same moment that the rapier was twisted out of his hand, she sprang forward with a wild inarticulate cry to shield him with her body from what she knew must follow; and the sword of Varrel, aimed at her father's heart with all the strength which hate and the desire

of vengeance could lend to such a thrust, passed instead through the body of the hapless girl. Her father's arms caught her as she was falling. "Papa—kiss—forgive," she murmured in his ear; then a stream of blood burst from her lips; she shuddered slightly, and was dead.

Colonel Lomond pressed his quivering lips tenderly on her forehead; then lifting her in his arms, he carried her to a couch. "Lie there for a little while, sweet foolish darling," he said. "Perhaps I may join thee on thy journey before long."

Varrel, who was like a man half-crazed, would have rung for help, but Colonel Lomond, by a gesture, forbade him to do so. "You and I, sir," said the colonel, "have still our little business to arrange."

"Great Heaven! what would you more?" exclaimed Sir Derwent.

"Revenge my daughter's death!" said Lomond gloomily.

"Her death was a pure accident."

"Granted. She died to save my life, and that life I now devote to avenging her memory. What I said before, I say again—only one of us two shall quit this room alive. Here are two pistols: one of them is loaded, the other is unloaded. Choose one of them. In three minutes, that clock on the chimney-piece will strike the hour. At the first stroke, we will fire across this table; and may Heaven have mercy on the soul of one of us!"

"It would be murder!" said Varrel in a low voice, while a cold sweat broke out on his ashen face.

"Call it by what name you will," said Lomond; "but as I have said, so it shall be. Dare to refuse, and by the great Fiend of Darkness, whose true son you are, I will thrash you with yonder whip within an inch of your life, and send you forth into the world branded for ever as a coward and a rogue!"

Sir Derwent wiped the perspiration off his forehead with his lace-bordered handkerchief, and his dry lips moved in faint protest. His courage was beginning to wager. The slow patient ferocity of his enemy was not without its effect upon him.

"Choose!" said Colonel Lomond as he laid a brace of pistols on the table. Varrel hesitated for an instant which to pick, and Lomond smiled grimly. No fresh arrangement of position was necessary, they being already on opposite sides of the table, on which poor Lenore's embroidery was still lying, as she had cast it aside in the first flutter of hearing her lover's signal.

"Colonel Lomond, I must make a last protest against this bloody business," said Varrel.

Again the colonel smiled. "In ten seconds," he said, "the clock will strike. Be ready."

There was a great contrast between the two men as they stood thus, fronting what for one of them must be inevitable death. Colonel Lomond's bronzed cheek looked even darker than usual, and his eyes seemed to burn with intense hate as he stood gazing at his antagonist from under his lowering brows; but his extended arm was firm as a bar of steel. Varrel was evidently nervous. His lips had faded to a dull bluish white; he pressed one hand to his chest occasionally, as if to still the throbbing heart beneath; while the other, which held the pistol, trembled slightly in spite of him.

Four seconds—three seconds—two seconds. The deathly brooding stillness that pervaded the room was something awful. One second. The silvery bell of the little French clock had not completed its first stroke before the two triggers were pulled. A flash, a report, and a gush of smoke from one of the weapons, and Sir Derwent Varrel, shot through the heart, fell back dead.

"So perishes a thorough scoundrel," said Colonel Lomond as he gazed into the face of his dead enemy.

Suddenly a door opened, and showed a very old lady, with white hair, and clad in a white dressing-robe, standing in the entrance. From the movements of her hands, you understood at once that she was blind, or nearly so.

"Henry! Henry! where are you?" she cried. "Some one fired a pistol just now. Oh, tell me that you are not hurt!" and she advanced a step or two into the room.

A spasm of anguish passed over the face of Colonel Lomond. "I am here and well, mother," he said. "Pray, return to your own room. I am sorry to have disturbed you."

"And Lenore," said the old lady plaintively, "why has not Lenore been to kiss me, and say good-night? Has the child gone to bed?"

"Lenore is asleep, mother," said the colonel in a whisper. "We must not disturb her. She shall come to you in the morning."

"Strange—strange," murmured the old lady; "she never forgot me before;" and with that she turned and went slowly away, groping with her hands before her; and the colonel falling on his knees, buried his face in the white dress of his dead daughter. At which point the whole machinery of my dream dissolved away, and I awoke.

There was no more sleep for me that night. So lifelike and vivid was my extraordinary dream, so much did it seem like a part of my own personal experience, that the effect left by it on my mind was not lightly to be shaken off. Lenore's wild cry as she flung herself into her father's arms, the voices of Varrel and Lomond in angry dispute, seemed still to echo in my brain; and I felt that every minute incident of that terrible tragedy must henceforth be, as it were, a part of my own life. Impelled by some vague feeling which I could not resist, I quitted my bedroom, and wandered, half dressed, into the great desolate drawing-room, the scene of all the strange incidents of my dream. The ghostly splendor of the moonlight filled it no longer; it was as cold, dark, and silent as some vast tomb. As I stood in the doorway, longing, and yet afraid to enter, a gust of night-wind sweeping up the valley, rattled the windows of the old mansion; and what seemed like a low responsive sigh came to me out of the gloom, a sigh so human, so unutterably sad, that with a thrill and a shudder, I stepped backward, and shut the door.

I was very glad when ten o'clock came, and brought Mr. Lomond, punctual to the minute. "It is only what I expected," he said, when I had given him an outline of my singular dream; "and I may now tell you, sir, that precisely the same dream which impressed you so strongly last night is dreamed by every one, no matter who they may be, the first time they sleep at Gledhills, and never afterwards; and this Curse—for I may truly call it by that name—has hung over the house from the night on which the tragedy, which you witnessed only in imagination, was worked out in all its dismal reality within these walls. You will now understand why I requested you to sleep one night at Gledhills before finally deciding that you would take the house; and it remains for you to consider whether your wife, whose health you say is delicate, could undergo such an ordeal as she would assuredly have to pass through the first night of her sojourn under this roof."

I thanked Mr. Lomond warmly for his conscientiousness in the matter, but decided that it would be unwise to subject my wife to such a trial.

"Nevertheless," said Mr. Lomond with a smile as I parted from him at the door, "I do not despair of finding a tenant for the house, one of these fine days, whose nervous system bids defiance to ghostly company."

Indeed, last summer, travelling down that way, I made inquiry of the station-master, and was glad to learn that Gledhills had at last found an occupant in the person of a wealthy but eccentric bachelor of botanical pursuits; and further, that Mr. Lomond himself was as hale and hearty as ever.

Felling Trees by Fire.

The idea of burning down a tree six or eight feet in diameter, and solid and green, would have seemed to me as simply absurd and ridiculous. But the thing is done in Oregon every day, at a vast saving of time and labor. The operation is done in this wise: A hole is bored into the tree horizontally, the nearer the centre the better. Then directly under this hole another is bored at an angle of elevation, so that the holes meet together near the centre of the tree. A coal of fire is introduced into the orifice; the lower hole makes a draught, and the upper one performs the functions of a chimney. The heart of the tree is dry and contains a considerable quantity of pitch, and when manipulated, as I have described, burns briskly.

It is necessary to feed this fire with some fresh fuel from time to time. But one man can keep a large number of trees thus burning, and will get twenty or a hundred down thus much quicker and easier than he could otherwise do. In a similar manner, when the tree is down, it is cut into pieces by being burned in two. A hole is bored into the log from the top, and another from its side, till they meet as before described, when the perpendicular hole acts as a flue and the horizontal one furnishes the draught. It often happens that in burning a large tree into lengths, for saw-logs, there is not more timber wasted than would result from the chopping of the log with an axe.

☞ It is said that the interior of Pennsylvania shows the curious effect of the advance of civilization upon nature. The flora of the State has been found to have undergone remarkable changes, plants that were formerly rare being now quite abundant. This change is attributed in a great measure to the spread of railways, and some botanists predict that the "foreign plants will ultimately supplant the natives."

☞ It is suggested in the London Chemist and Druggist that chloroform is an excellent medium for the removal of stains of paint from clothes, &c. It is found that portions of dry white paint which resisted the action of ether, benzole and bisulphide of carbon, are at once dissolved by chloroform.

☞ Richard T. Merwin, Esq., of New Haven, Conn., has a mare that weighs seventeen hundred and twenty pounds! Her shoes appear as though they would cover a peck measure, and her strength is in proportion to her size. She is but eight years old, and has gained two hundred pounds in a year and a half.

☞ A young lady from the country, whose only idea of the metropolitan police was gathered from the newspapers, recently came on a visit to New York, and found herself at one of the crossings near the City Hall. Frightened by the number, rapidity, and noise of the vehicles that were passing up and down, she stood hesitating, in great distress, when one of the gallant policeman politely stepped forward to escort her across. But no sooner had he touched her elbow, than with a piercing shriek she shrank from under his hand, cleared the crossing almost at a bound, and exclaimed, in terrified accents, "O, sir, it wasn't me! Indeed, indeed, I have been doing nothing!"

☞ Crystallizing flowers is done by suspending or repeatedly dipping them in water saturated with alum. This, however, can be done only with dried specimens. The freshness and beauty of flowers can be preserved by dipping them in glycerine.

☞ Dr. Johnson used to say that there were many things worth seeing in the world, but very few worth going to see. So do I believe that numerous as may be the things good to eat, there are none worth going to the conventional dinner party for—and I find great solace in the thought that if you went you would most assuredly not get them there.

☞ We have recently heard of a man who obtained a bill of divorce on the ground that his wife was extravagant. Specification: "She used butter for shortening." This is about equal to the man who complained of his daughter's extravagance because she persisted in buying a waterfall for her head, when she already had a cataract in her eye. He couldn't brook that.

☞ A Lost Sweetheart.—An unfortunate young man is searching everywhere for his sweetheart, who was recently carried away by her feelings.

☞ Every true thought should be looked upon as a valuable acquisition to society, which cannot possibly hurt or obstruct the good effect of any other truth whatsoever; for they all partake of one common essence, and necessarily coincide with each other; and, like the drops of rain which fall separately into the river, mix themselves at once with the stream, and strengthen the general current.

☞ Mr. Wm. H. Hoyt, of Haverhill, Mass., in drawing off his boots placed the toe of one of them under the opposite leg and in the attempt to get the boot off, his right leg was broken just above the knee.

☞ At a recent fire in Auch, France, a woman with her child were in a burning house; the Archbishop offered 2,000 francs, then 6,000 francs, then an annuity of 1,200 francs, to anybody who would rescue them. Nobody budged. Thereupon he threw off his cassock, ran into the flames, rescued them and gave them the 1,200 francs annuity he had won for himself.

☞ Electricity.—Its progress is said to be swifter than light, being about 200 miles a second.

☞ A proposition will soon be introduced in Congress, equalizing the compensation of members. Under the present rates, some members receive over $18,000 pay and mileage each Congress, while others only receive a few hundreds over $6,000. It will be proposed to pay every member $10,000 a Congress and his actual travelling expenses.

MONSIEUR TONSON.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY JOHN COLLINS.

There lived in London, in the days of yore,
A Frenchman exiled from his native shore—
Poor, friendless, forced by fortune long to roam,
At last he found within its walls a home.
Nor wife, nor children cheered his lonely hours—
For him no sunshine brought the birds and flowers.
But, hermit-like, he loved the world to shun,
In quiet solitude till life was done.
He read and smoked or dozed the livelong day,
Or, with his spaniel, whiled the time away.
Yet he was kind—the beggar knew his door,
And starving children blessed him o'er and o'er.
The neighbors proudly claimed for their own,
Till "bon jour! Monsieur!" seemed no foreign tone.
Thus peacefully the worthy man grew old,
Unvexed by care, or cankering thirst for gold;
In close retirement, each succeeding year
Rolled on, unmarked by doubt, or hope, or fear.
It chanced, howe'er, a wicked wag, who knew
How much our friend withdrew from public view,
Resolved to tease him, merely out of fun,
And thus the plot mischievously begun.
One night, when Monsieur had retired to rest,
A rousing knock his slumbers deep distressed;
He rubbed his eyes, "Mon dieu! vot 'ave we hwire?
Wh-o-o-s dat?" he stammered in suspense and fear.
No answer came—but soon another blow
Rung at the door to summon him to go.
With cautious step he slow descends the stairs,
In his unsteady hand the candle flares—
Through the long hall he drags unwilling feet,
And, doubting, opes the door into the street.
"I ask your pardon, sir, for much I fear
I have disturbed your nap by coming here;
Is Mr. Thompson's lodging somewhere near?"
"No! sare! no Monsieur Tonson in dis place,
I tell you so—I never see his face;
My friend, pardonnez—moi, I shut de door—
You break my sleep—I go to get some more."
A week had not passed by—again, a knock
At midnight, roused him like an earthquake shock.
Again the poor old Frenchman gropes his way,
By the dim beams that round his lantern play;
Trembling and pale, he whispers as he goes,
"Ma foi! who come here? de debil only knows!"
With faltering hand he drew the bolt aside,
When a sharp voice in ringing accents cried,
"Pray, sir, will you inform me, if you can,
Where I can find a certain little man?
His name is Thompson, if I guess aright,
And I must know his whereabouts to-night."
"Ah, sare! me know your voice—de oder day
You knock so loud, you fright my vits away.
Indeed, sare! dere no Monsieur Tonson dat I know,
Begar! I tell you dat tree days ago!"
The door was shut, and Monsieur sought his bed—
But tossed, till break of day, his aching head;
Visions of ghosts came flitting round the room,
And filled his soul with ever deepening gloom.
Day went and night again her curtains drew
In solemn silence till the clock struck two.
A thundering knock aroused him from his dreams,
And at the front, a torch-light faintly gleams.
"Hallo! you fellow!" echoed at the door,
"Old Mister Thompson I must see once more;
Do tell me—does he live within this street?
Come! let me know the number, I entreat!"
"Sacre! diable! vat you ask me for?
I tell you once—I cannot tell no more!
Sare! please, oh! never come to ca'l me down!
No Monsieur Tonson live in London town."
Still unabashed, on each succeeding night
The same rude rascal met the Frenchman's sight.
Worn out at length, his sleep quite driven away,
In that lone house, an invalid he lay.
But now the rogue his wonted calls forbore,
By fortune urged to India's distant shore,
And the poor Frenchman raised his drooping head,
Glad to believe his vile tormenter fled.
Years passed, and yet his strength knew no decay,
Though sober thought had tinged his hair with gray;
His voice, yet strong, in patriot numbers rang,
As when of old the Marseillaise he sung.
No fearful sounds disturbed his nightly rest,
No dun—no vagabond by hunger pressed;
In peace he lived—in peace he hoped to lie,
In nameless slumber 'neath an alien sky.
'Twas winter—fitful gusts were howling loud,
Covering all nature with a snowy shroud,
No footfalls echoed o'er the pavement stone;
"Past one o'clock!" the watchman cried alone.
Scarce had he cried, two figures slowly passed,
Hooded and screened against the howling blast;
By turns they eyed the snow-heaped doors around,
And numbered houses till the spot they found.
"Why, Tom!" cried one, "that is the place I swear!
I'll bet that Monsieur still is living there!"
"Done!" cried the other, "I'll bet he's gone below—
He must have died of fright, you plagued him so!"
Meantime our foreign friend securely slept,
While o'er his mind, bright, sunny pictures crept.
Once more he roves upon the banks of Seine,
Or views the splendor of Versailles again;
Sings the bold songs that echo "*Vive la France!*"
And trips with damsels in the evening dance.
Bright eyes watch o'er him—social hearth-fires burn,
As kindly voices greet his safe return.
Hark! a low, rumbling sound the vision breaks!
Amazed and trembling, the fond dreamer wakes,—
Is it the tread of fast-approaching day?
Or speeds the storm along its furious way?
A louder sound his very soul appals,
As if a crash of thunder burst the walls—
His hair on end and shivering with the cold,
The night-robe slipping from his nervous hold,
The unwieldy door with pain unlocked at last,
He steps aside to shun the piercing blast—
A spectral form in deep sepulchral tone,
Solemn and slow began to speak—a groan—
One wild despairing cry escaped him then,
"Begar! here's Monsieur Tonson come again!"
Down fell his lamp—he rushed outside the door
With terror frenzied and was seen no more.

The Ages of Volunteers.

The tables compiled at Washington, about the volunteers who served in the Union armies, give many curious as well as valuable statistics. The greatest number of private soldiers of any particular age who volunteered in the regiments as first formed were those of 18 years of age. 127 were only 13 years of age, 330 of 14, and 772 of 15, and yet these striplings were often in the hardest and severest service. Of 16 and 17 years of age, there where 10,413; 18 years, 133,435; 19 years, 90,215; 20 years, 71,053; 21 years, 97,030; 22 years, 78,390; 23 years, 62,751; 24 years, 53,095; 25 years, 46,626; 26 years, 40,243; 27 years, 34,286; 28 years, 35,312; 29 years, 24,513; 30 years, 23,360; between 30 and 40, 155,434; 40 and over, 66,909. The proportion holds good for each state; the number who volunteered at 18, being in each state greater than for any other year. The officers, however, follow another rule, the greater number being of the age of 24. There were 87,184 officers in the volunteer regiments at first enlisted, and they were of the following ages:—20 years and under, 1,284; 21 years, 1,639; 22 years, 1,839; 23 years, 2,101; 24 years, 2,234; 25 years, 2,161; 26 years, 2,114; 27 years, 1,968; 28 years, 2,071; 29 years, 1,756; 30 years, 1,836; between 30 and 40 years, 12,194; over 40 years, 3,974.

No Scholar.

The following testimony was lately given before the Election Committee of the British House of Commons:

Bickus, a shoemaker, took £15 to vote one way, and then voted for the other party. When asked why he did so, he said:

"Because my principles were that way."

"But your principles did not prevent your taking the £15?"

"My principles were wavering, but they tended that way."

"At all events, according to your own story, you took £15 to go one way and went another?"

This rather posed the witness, but he scratched his head and said:

"Well, I'm no scholar."

The Flying Ship.—Dr. Andrews's flying ship made another ascent in New York on Tuesday afternoon about five o'clock, and excited a great deal of attention among the promenaders of Broadway, who were gazing skyward and observing the phenomenon. At the hour aforementioned Dr. Andrews, accompanied by Mr. Plumb, made a second trip with a view to test some of the improvements they had made in the rudder and rigging. After rising above the houses and being perfectly clear from all obstructions, Dr. Andrews turned the machine against the wind and appeared to have it perfectly under his control, and when last seen was moving in the direction of Long Island, and was nearly over Jamaica. So easily managed was the machine that sometimes it descended nearly to the earth and then again rose out of sight.

A Feat of Telegraphing.—When the Queen of England, at the opening of the present session of Parliament, delivered her speech, it was actually transmitted to Paris by telegraph in less time than it could have been heard there, had the Parisians been able to listen to it. Sound moves through the air at the rate of about 1,100 feet a second, and, consequently, it would have taken 20 minutes to go from London to Paris. If the Queen had said, "My Lords" in London at 2 o'clock, the sharp-eared Parisians would have heard it at 20 minutes past 2. But as it was, the entire speech was telegraphed to Paris in 10 minutes after its delivery had begun—that is, the end of it had reached Paris over the wires 10 minutes before the people there could possibly have heard the beginning.

A Large Grape Vine.—Recently in Congress, Mr. Thayer, of Pennsylvania, reported back the Senate bill to confirm the grant of certain lands in California to Jos. E. Domingues. He read a statement, giving some interesting particulars about the rancho in question, which had been in possession of the Dominguez family for sixty years, and the only product of which was a grape vine, said to be the second largest in the world, which covered a superficial area of eight thousand feet, and which produced last year six tons of grapes. It was planted fifty years ago by the mother of Jos. E. Domingues, who had recently died at the age of one hundred and nine years. The bill was read three times and passed.

Razors.—The simplest method of sharpening a razor, is said to be to place the blade for about a half hour in water, to which one-twentieth of its weight of sulphuric or muriatic acid has previously been added. Upon taking the razor out, wipe it off lightly and a few hours afterwards set it on a strop. The acid thus supplies the place of a wetstone, by corroding the entire surface uniformly, so that nothing but a good polish is afterwards needed. It is stated that this process never injures good razors, whilst poor ones are often improved by it. This mode of sharpening may be used with advantage for any kind of edge tools.

☞ Much interest has been created by a recent discovery in the Valley of the Mississippi, near New Orleans, of an immense bed of pure rock salt, almost as transparent as crystal, which lies some thirty feet below the surface. Specimens of the salt have been received by the Smithsonian Institution. The most singular fact in connection with this valuable deposit has been the discovery of the remains of an elephant, twenty feet below the surface of the superincumbent earth, beneath which have been found basket-work, formed of reeds. Photographic representations of this ancient handwork are in possession of the institute.

☞ Baron Rothschild's Wine.—The New Orleans Picayune has a Paris correspondent who, for some time past, has been amusing himself by making surveys of Baron Rothschild's wine cellar. He reports that as soon as the Baron buys a cask of wine it is at once bottled, and there are no less than 24,000 bottles of wine in the cellar. The Baron's servants are allowed two casks a week, which amount they generally manage to dispose of in that time.

☞ The Streets of London.—Some of the streets of London are very narrow. Out of 440 in the city, in but 70 of them is there room for more than two lines of vehicles to pass, and in 111 streets one line of vehicles only can pass. 101 of the streets are not thoroughfares at all, and have no exits.

☞ "You seem to walk more erect than usual, my friend." "Yes, I have been straightened by circumstances."

A Hundred Hours Without Sleep.

Although the feat of last week in this city, in which an individual kept awake one hundred hours and walked a mile in every hour, was of but small account on the score of merely winning a bet, yet, as illustrating the extent of human endurance and the necessity of repose to our existence, it is a matter well worthy of record.

On Tuesday of last week, at five P. M., Mr. John Seaver, a young man of about twenty-five, a native of this place, on a wager of five hundred dollars, commenced walking one hundred miles in as many consecutive hours, without sleep. The place selected was Union Hall, around which, outside of the settees, forty-two circuits made a mile. Several watchers were placed on both sides, who by change were all the time in attendance. On Wednesday afternoon, at the close of the first twenty-four hours, he became weary and felt a stronger disposition to sleep than he afterwards experienced. This was driven off, but the effort produced a severe headache, which continued during the remaining days. On Thursday he felt drowsy, but was so excited that he would sit down without napping. Every hour the circuiting the room forty-two times was regularly performed, in times ranging from twenty to thirty minutes. On that morning he began to be discouraged, and expressed a wish to abandon further effort. His advisers persuaded him, and he renewed his efforts, and, as he expressed it, with a determined *will to* succeed.

Friday, the third day, he was more wakeful, his nervous excitement having increased—probably by the strong tea, which was his only beverage. His head was bandaged, and bathed with rum and alum frequently. He stumbled from weakness and weariness, but got up without help. Saturday, the fourth and last day, was one of weariness, aching limbs, aching head, and prostration. He required to be supported as he went his hourly rounds. In the ninety-fifth hour he fainted and fell. Every hour of the last four he was bathed all over with rum and alum. In the ninety-ninth hour he again fell in faintness. The last hour at length arrived, and with his assistants he completed his forty-two circuits in thirty-three minutes. He now received fresh energy from the idea that he had accomplished his feat, and unaided he literally dragged his limbs once more around the hall, to show that he was still awake, and amid the cheers of a large audience, he retired after nine o'clock.

In an hour's time he was at his home, and on his pillow, no doubt like Sancho Panza, "blessing the man who first invented sleep." But for him sound sleep was not safe. His medical attendant, Dr. Perry, was with him through the night, awaking him every hour. He was under so strong nervous excitement, that he at times had to be held in bed by his attendants. His dreams were fearful—of more miles to travel, and that his bandages were lost, and that his bathing materials had given out. This was evident by his exclamations. On Monday morning he was better; but he has not yet got rid of the swelling of his limbs, of weariness in his back, and of his headache. He took his meals regularly during the four days, and such doses as the doctors prepared.

Mr. S. tells us that he went to the extent of human endurance—he has no idea that he could have sustained himself three hours longer. Although he realizes five hundred dollars on the bet, and two hundred and eighty dollars as admission fees, yet ten times that amount would not induce him again to make a like effort.

A like feat was performed in California a few years since. In Baltimore it was attempted by a man who died in the ninety-seventh hour.—*Portsmouth (N. H.) Journal.*

☞ A French workman has just completed, for the Duke of Wellington, a watch of novel and peculiar construction, the idea of which was conceived by the Duke himself, who is of an impatient temper, and cannot pass half an hour in any one's society without feeling an irresistible inclination to look at his watch. To indulge himself would be rude, and the Duke has hit upon an ingenious plan to ascertain the hour without any one present being the wiser for it. The watch manufactured for him is a silent repeater. It is provided with a spring, upon touching which, a small hammer issues from the case and strikes the hour in the palm of the person's hand who holds it. The Duke will merely need to slip his hand carelessly into his pocket, touch the spring, and he is immediately informed of the time of day.

☞ General Sherman on Politicians.—On a recent visit to the northwest, General Sherman made a pleasant little speech at the town of Minneapolis, and was about to retire when the customary cries of "go on," arrested him. In response to the invitation to continue, the General added—"I have studied politicians, and have learned, by imitating them, to talk a few minutes without saying anything at all." Gen. Sherman, it appears, has, like the rest of the world, found out one of the little tricks of professional politicians.

☞ Mr. S. Austin Allibone writes, under date May 30: "The Dictionary of Authors, which I projected in 1850, and commenced preparing for the press, August 1, 1853, was completed last night at twenty-seven minutes after eight." The public has awaited the completion of this work with interest, and may now, we suppose, anticipate an early appearance of the concluding volume.

☞ A Botany bay convict has just died at Sydney, who accumulated a property of $5,000,000.

☞ The question, does getting drunk ever advance one's happiness? would seem to be put to rest by the Irishman who went courting when drunk, and was asked what pleasure he found in whiskey? "O, Nelly, it's a trate entirely, to see two of your swate purty faces instead of one!"

☞ A Frenchman lately obtained a divorce from his wife under peculiar circumstances. The lady suddenly disappeared from her home, and was absent twenty-three days, when she as suddenly returned. She, however, refused to account for her absence, and the husband applied for a divorce, which was granted after ineffectual efforts to get the lady to state the cause and whereabouts of her absence.

☞ A curious type-setting match came off at Iowa city last month, Mr. A. J. Kenny, of the Iowa City Press, and Mr. O. B. Bell, of the Council Bluff Nonpareil, each setting four thousand *ems* solid *bourgeois* in two hours.

☞ A down-cast editor said he was in a boat when the wind blew hard, but he was not at all alarmed, because he had his life insured.—"he never had anything happen to him by which he could make any money."

Very Sharp Widow.

The Amador (California) Ledger tells the subjoined:—"A short time ago a widow lady, residing in a village not a thousand miles from here, put her house up at a raffle, and very soon disposed of the tickets, all feeling disposed to assist her. The evening arrived for the raffle to come off, and the house was won by a gentleman who thought himself fortunate in obtaining a homestead so cheap. The next day he applied for possession and a title to the property. What was his surprise when he was coolly informed that it was unnecessary to give any written title to the house—that there it was, and to take it; and the sooner the better, as she was anxious to build another on the spot where it stood. The winner discovered that he had drawn an elephant—he had a house, but no lot."

☞ In the game of life, men frequently play the knave, and women the deuce.

JULES JARED'S EMAIL DE PARIS.

An Exquisite and Delicate Beautifier of the Skin.

TESTIMONIALS FROM ACTRESSES.

This new and delicate beautifier gives to the most harsh and grated skin both the color and texture of freshly polished ivory. It is used by the most refined and scrupulous ladies. It quickly and effectually removes all discolorations, whether appearing as freckles, tan or morphew, and is especially successful in smoothing out the marks of smallpox. Madamoiselle Vestvali, Mrs. D. P. Bowers, Lucille Western, Mrs. Emma Waller, and many other ladies in private life acknowledge its harmlessness and effectiveness. L'Email is the only real beautifier of the skin before the public, and is entirely different from the vulgar pastes, powders and paints that injure the skin. Sold by Eugene Jouin, 111 South Tenth St., Philada. Orders by mail should be addressed to JARED & RENE, Philada., General Agents. mar24-3m

PERRY DAVIS' PAIN KILLER.—We have often spoken of this great medicine in terms of very high praise, and we have as often felt that all we could say in its favor would not do it full justice. It is one of those medicines of which we can speak—and speak decisively from experience; for we have repeatedly taken it, and invariably with the best results and the greatest satisfaction. We always keep it on hand, ready for an emergency, and we regard it not only as one of the very best and most reliable medicines in use for various ills, but as one of the cheapest also. Its cost, by the way—that is, the cost of some of the imported ingredients of which it is composed—has been considerably increased since the commencement of the war, but the price of the medicine has been but very little advanced. It is not likely that the popularity of Davis' Pain Killer will in any measure decrease, or that the demand for it will in the slightest degree decline, until some other specific for allaying pain and curing the various complaints for which it is so generally used, shall be discovered, of equal potency with it—of which there seems to be little probability at this time. As a remedy for stomach complaints, such as dysentery, diarrhea, etc., the Pain Killer is without doubt unsurpassed, and everywhere most deservedly in demand. One, two, or three doses—of not more than half a teaspoonful each, in a wineglass of water or milk, with a little sugar—have repeatedly, within our knowledge, effectually cured serious trouble of this kind. Judgment should undoubtedly be used in not checking certain stages of diarrhea too suddenly; but taken at the proper time, the Pain Killer will set like a charm, and frequently cures when nothing else will.—*Providence Advertiser.* je16-2t

Is Your Hair Falling or Becoming Gray?

If so, use

"London"	The most	"Hair Color Restorer"
"London"		"Hair Color Restorer"
"London"	Reliable Hair	"Hair Color Restorer"
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For Restoring Gray Hair and Preventing Baldness.

Only 75 cents a bottle; six bottles $4. Sold at Dr. SWAYNE'S, 330 North Sixth street, Philadelphia, and all leading Druggists and Fancy Goods Dealers. my26-eowtf

Rx MARTIN LUTHER once thought he saw the devil in his chamber, and threw an inkstand at his head. Had they had in those days AYER'S PILLS to exorcise all the devils that come from a disordered stomach, his laughable fright would not have become a matter of history. je16-2t

THE MARKETS.

FLOUR AND MEAL.—The market continues dull. About 8000 bbls sold, in lots, mostly to the retailers and bakers, at prices ranging from $8@8.50 ₩ bbl for superfine, $9@10 for extra, $11@11.25 for low grade north-west family, $11.50@11.75 for fancy do, $11.50@14 for Pennsylvania and Ohio family, and $15@16 for fancy brands, as to quality. Rye Flour sells in a small way at $6.50 ₩ bbl. Pennsylvania Corn Meal sold at $4.25 ₩ bbl.

GRAIN.—The receipts of Prime Wheat continue very light. About 2,500 bus prime red sold at $2.35@3; 6000 bus common do at $2.55@2.60; 10,000 bus spring Wheat at from $2.30@2.40, and small lots of white at from $2.40@2.25 ₩ bus, according to quality. Pennsylvania Rye—1000 bus sold at $1.20@1.22 ₩ bus. Corn—20,000 bus prime yellow sold at from 95@96c afloat and in the cars; 2000 bus prime yellow at 98c in store, and 10,000 bus Western mixed at 90@94c ₩ bus. Oats—2500 bus Delaware sold at 70c; 6000 bus Pennsylvania at 73@74c, and 14,000 bus Western at 63@65c ₩ bus.

PROVISIONS.—Prices continue very firm, but the demand is limited. Small sales are making at $31@31.50 per bbl, for new Mess Pork; 20@23c ₩ lb for Bacon Hams; 19@20c for pickled do; 14½c for salt Shoulders, and 22½@23c ₩ lb for prime tierce lard. Butter—Sales of solid roll at 20@25c, the latter for good. Cheese—Sales of New York at 19@21c. Eggs—Sales are making at 26@27 ₩ doz.

COTTON.—About 1100 bales of middlings sold in lots at from 40@42c ₩ lb.

BARK.—First No 1 Quercitron is quoted at $31@31.50 ₩ ton.

BEESWAX.—Small sales of yellow are making at 41@42c ₩ lb.

COAL continues in good demand; cargo sales are making at $5.50 for White Ash, and $5.50@6 ₩ ton for Red Ash, as to quality.

FEATHERS.—Small sales of prime Western are making at 95c@$1 ₩ lb.

FRUIT.—We notice sales at 15@18c; new range from 19 to 21c. Peaches are disposed of in a small way at 20@21c for unpared halves.

HAY.—Baled is quoted at $15@16 ₩ ton.

HOPS.—Small sales of new Eastern and Western are making at 40 to 70c ₩ lb, as to quality.

PLASTER.—The last sale of soft was at $4.50 ₩ ton.

SEEDS.—Cloverseed; 400 bus prime sold at $7@7.50 ₩ 64 lbs. Timothy; small sales are reported at $5@5.50 ₩ bus. Flaxseed; 300 bus sold at $3.25@3.30 ₩ bus.

SPIRITS.—N E Rum sells in a small way at $2.50@2.55 ₩ gallon. Whiskey; 400 bbls Ohio sold at $2.24@2.26, and Ohio at $2.28@2.29 ₩ gallon.

TALLOW.—Small sales of city rendered are making at 12c, and country at 11½c ₩ lb.

WOOL.—About 50,000 lbs sold in lots at prices ranging from 57@62c for fine fleece; 55@57c for medium do, and 35@40c ₩ lb for coarse unwashed, as to quality.

PHILADELPHIA CATTLE MARKETS.

The supply of Beef Cattle during the past week amounted to about 1400 head. The prices realized from 17@18 cts ₩ lb. 250 Cows brought from $50 to 70 ₩ head. Sheep—3000 head were disposed of at from 6@6½c ₩ lb. 2800 Hogs sold at from $13,00@14,00 ₩ 100 lbs.

WANAMAKER & BROWN'S FINE CLOTHING.—This establishment, located at the southeast corner of Sixth and Market streets, and familiarly known as "Oak Hall," is the largest and best-conducted Ready-made Clothing and Merchant Tailoring house in Philadelphia. Their superior styles, excellent workmanship and moderation in prices have made their house deservedly popular. In their Custom department, where elegant garments are made to order, none but the very best artists are employed, and the fine assortment of materials to select from enables every one to be well suited.

We can recommend this house to all our friends and those who live at a distance can have samples and prices sent by mail, with directions how to measure themselves, so that they can be fitted without difficulty. sp7-3m

MOTH AND FRECKLES.

Ladies afflicted with Discolorations on the Face, called moth patches, or freckles, should use PERRY'S Celebrated MOTH and FRECKLE LOTION. It is infallible. Prepared by Dr. B. C. PERRY, Dermatologist, 49 Bond St., N. Y. Sold by all druggists, and by Dr. Perry, 49 Bond St. Price $2. je16-8m

HOLLOWAY'S PILLS AND OINTMENT.—The ulcers, tumors, &c., which arise from impure blood or other constitutional disorders frequently defy science, but cannot resist the action of these medicines. Numerous preparations advertised under the head of cosmetics, drive the disease inward and peril life, while these remedies are really safe and efficacious in a radical cure. Sold everywhere.

MARRIAGES.

☞ Marriage notices must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 6th instant, by the Rev. A. Manship, Mr. GEORGE W. BAGGEAN to Miss KATE I. JARDON, both of this city.

On the 14th of May, by the Rev. Wm. B. Wood, Mr. CUTHBERT DIXON, of Pittsburg, Pa., to Miss ISABELLA ROBSON, daughter of Robt. Robson, Esq., of this city.

On the 7th instant, by the Rev. A. G. McAuley, Mr. JAMES W. MILLER to Miss ANNIE S. JEFFERY, both of this city.

On the 6th instant, by the Rev. Vaughan Smith, Mr. CHARLES CRUMLEY to Miss MARY BOEHM, both of this city.

On the 6th instant, by the Rev. G. D. Carrow, JOHN C. HIBST to Miss KATE RIDGE, both of this city.

On the 7th instant, by the Rev. P. Coombe, Mr. CHARLES R. SHARER to Miss CHARLOTTE FINDELL, both of this city.

DEATHS.

☞ Notices of Deaths must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 11th instant, JOHN W. CROTHERS, in his 23d year.

On the 10th instant, BENJAMIN MIFFLIN, in his 69th year.

On the 10th instant, EDWARD FORTINER, in his 43d year.

On the 10th instant, Mr. WILLIAM H. HUBBERT, in his 51st year.

On the 9th instant, THOMAS J. KANEY, in his 26th year.

On the 9th instant, Mrs. ELIZABETH DONON, in her 46th year.

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S—T—1860—X.

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L

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READ WHO SAYS SO.

[From the Rev. W. D. Seigfried, Pastor of Twelfth Baptist Church, Philadelphia.]

Gentlemen:—I have recently been laboring under the distressing effects of indigestion, accompanied by a prostration of the nervous system. Numerous remedies were recommended by friends, and some of them tested, but without relief. Your Hoofland's German Bitters were recommended by persons who had tried them, and whose favorable mention of these Bitters induced me to try them. I must confess that I had an aversion to Patent Medicines from the "thousand and one" quack "Bitters," whose only aim seems to be to palm off sweetened and drugged liquor upon the community in a sly way, and the tendency of which, I fear, is to make many a confirmed drunkard. Upon learning that yours was really a medicinal preparation, I took it with happy effect. Its action, not only upon the stomach, but upon the nervous system, was prompt and gratifying. I feel that I have derived great and permanent benefit from the use of a few bottles. Very respectfully yours,

W. D. SEIGFRIED, No. 254 Shackamaxon St.

A

[From the Rev. E. D. Fendall, Assistant Editor Christian Chronicle, Philada.]

I have derived decided benefit from the use of Hoofland's German Bitters, and feel it my privilege to recommend them as a most valuable tonic to all who are suffering from general debility or from diseases arising from derangement of the liver.

Yours truly, E. D. FENDALL.

[From Rev. D. Merrige, Pastor of the Passyunk Baptist Church, Philada.]

From the many respectable recommendations given to Dr. Hoofland's German Bitters, I was induced to give them a trial. After using several bottles I found them to be a good remedy for debility, and a most excellent tonic for the stomach. D. MERRIGE.

[From Rev. Wm. Smith, formerly Pastor of the Vincentown and Millville (N. J.) Baptist Churches.]

Having used in my family a number of bottles of your Hoofland's German Bitters, I have to say that I regard them as an excellent medicine, specially adapted to remove the diseases they are recommended for. They strengthen and invigorate the system when debilitated, and are useful in disorders of the liver, loss of appetite, &c. I have also recommended them to several of my friends, who have tried them, and found them greatly beneficial in the restoration of health.

Yours truly, WILLIAM SMITH, 966 Hutchinson Street, Philada.

N

Rev. J. S. Herman, of the German Reform Church, Kutztown, Berks County, Pa., was cured of Dyspepsia of twenty years standing.

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Rev. Levi G. Bock, Pastor of the Baptist Church, Pemberton, N. J., formerly of the North Baptist Church, Philadelphia, at present Pastor of the Baptist Church, Chester, Pa.

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D

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These Machines are now sold, with *valuable improvements*, at the following schedule of prices:—

No. 3 Machine, with

Plain Table,	$55
Half Case, Panelled, Oiled Walnut,	62
Half Case, Polished, Black Walnut or Mahogany,	65

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Waxed Black Walnut Table,	$68
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Half Case, Polished, Rosewood,	80
Full Case, Polished, Black Walnut or Mahogany,	95
Full Case, Polished, Black Walnut or Mahogany, with Drawers,	100
Full Case, Polished, Rosewood,	100

No. 1 Machine, with

Polished Table,	$78
Half Case, Oiled Walnut,	82
Half Case, Polished, Black Walnut or Mahogany,	85
Half Case, Polished, Rosewood,	90
Full Case, Polished, Black Walnut or Mahogany,	105
Full Case, Polished, Black Walnut or Mahogany, with Drawers,	110
Full Case, Polished, Rosewood,	110

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LOOK AT THIS!—To any person enclosing 75 cents, I will send by mail the most curious and interesting puzzle ever invented. Something entirely new. Address T. F. CRANE, Warren, Warren Co., Penn. je16-3t

WIT AND HUMOR.

Misplaced Confidence.

A laughable incident, illustrating the uncertainty of mankind in general, and the Mexican man in particular, occurred recently, says the Reese River (Cal.) Revielle. Levi Grub, well known as a driver of the overland stage on the route east of this city, was endeavoring to catch a mustang colt, on the hills lying between the Fourth Ward and the summit, and, after repeated attempts to lasso the animal, he was on the point of giving it up, when he observed a Mexican quietly looking on. Thinking he was just the man, he rode up to him, and offered him five dollars if he would catch the horse. It was a bargain. He dismounted from his favorite saddle and riding animal, and the Mexican vaulted lightly into his seat, and as he was riding off, Grub, perceiving that he had no spurs, called to him, and, unfastening his, gave them to the Mexican, who adjusted them to his heels while in the saddle. Gathering his riata in a coil in his right hand, which he raised gracefully above his head, he dashed the spurs into the flanks of the horse, who bounded off at a furious pace after the vagabond mustang.

The colt galloped off at a lively pace up the hills to the southwest, the Mexican keeping adroitly in his rear; and when about three hundred yards off, the Mexican turned in his saddle, and raising his sombrero, he bowed politely to Grub, and then gave rein and spur to the horse, who bounded up the hill. To say that Grub was astonished, would feebly express his feeling. Like an experienced Jehu, he was a man of prompt action, and perceiving the situation in an instant, he hastily mounted a horse standing near, and gave chase to the faithless Mexican, and followed him over the hills and down and through a canon which opened into the Reese River valley, along which he dashed for a distance of twelve or fourteen miles. A stern chase is a long chase. The Mexican was better mounted, and he was an accomplished rider, and Grub reluctantly gave up the unequal contest, saddened at the loss of his horse and saddle and his confidence in man at one and the same time. He feels the loss of those keenly; but that he deliberately and unnecessarily threw his spurs after them, fills him with inexpressible chagrin.

The Latest Music.

An amusing incident took place at a music store the other day, which is worth relating. A fast young woman, who was dressed more like one of our young Mississippi country lasses than a city belle, entered the store in question, and asked the salesman to show her the latest musical publications. The young clerk, mistaking her for a "green 'un," handed down for her inspection "Ben Bolt," "Annie Laurie," "The Last Rose of Summer," and the "Old Arm Chair."

"Are these the latest publications you have?" inquire the female.

"Yes, madam, these are the latest publications issued," responded the salesman.

"Do you know what I wish you would do with them?" replied the woman.

"Wrap them up for you, madam?" answered the clerk.

"No," said she, "I haven't time to take them now."

"I will do what you wish with them, madam," politely replied the young man.

"Well, then," she responded, "you may place this 'Old Arm Chair' aside, seat 'Annie Laurie' on it, give her 'The Last Rose of Summer' to use as she pleases, and put old 'Ben Bolt' to kissing her, and let them kiss away until I return."

Railroad Accidents.—An observing man who was recently travelling in a railway train, noticed a gentleman and lady seated in close juxtaposition, and, judging from their conduct, imagined that they were exceedingly intimate. In front of the comfortable pair sat two Germans. When near a certain town, the train passed through a long, dark bridge.

Among the thundering and rattling of the cars was heard a noise that sounded for all the world like the concussion of lips. Such hearty smacks startled all the party. As we emerged into daylight, one of the Germans slowly drew his spectacles down over his nose, and exclaimed:

"Vell, I tinks dat is very bad bridge. I hears him crack one, two, three, four times."

The lady drew down her veil, and for the remainder of the trip was mute and quiet.

New Music.—One of our principal music publishers has engaged a number of leading composers to furnish him with a regular series of melodies of a domestic character, similar to several popular pieces already published, such as "Father Don't Drink Any Now," "Mother is Coming Home Now." The titles of a few already fixed on are "Grandmother Ain't Got Any Snuff Now," "Uncle Joseph Don't Go To Meeting Now," "Second Cousin Has Several Beaus Now," etc., etc., to an unlimited extent.

Powerful Pills.—An itinerant quack in Texas was applied to by one of Colonel Hay's rangers to extract the iron part of an Indian arrow from his head, where it had lodged for some time. "I cannot 'xtract this, stranger," said the would-be doctor, "because to do it would go nigh killin' ye; but I can give ye a box o' pills that will melt it in yer head."

Manufacture of Eyes.

We have gleaned the following curious details of the manufacture of false eyes in the city of Paris, from an exchange: "The average sale per week of eyes intended for the human head amounts to four hundred. Paris appears to have the monopoly of this strange trade, which does not lead one to conclude that the population of that gay city is very clear-sighted. Twelve manufactories flourish within the barriers, each of which gives employment to twenty workmen. English and American enamellers have vainly endeavored to compete with the French artists. 'Do you see, sir,' remarked one of these, not oculists, but oculoristes, 'Englishmen have not sufficient taste for this trade; their eyes are only good enough for stuffed animals.' The trade is very remunerative. The said ocularist receives one in a magnificent saloon, resplendent with gilding and mirrors. His servant has but one eye, and if you want to see the effect of one of the eyes he rings the bell and tries the eye in the wretched servant's head, so that you may judge of the effect it will produce in your own or that of your friend. He charges 40f. or 50f. For the poor there are second-hand visual organs, which have been worn by some eyeless duke or nabob, and exchanged for a new one after twelve months' service. These are then sold to the poorer classes at a reduced price, or sent off to America, India, or the Sandwich Islands, where the colored races are not quite so fastidious as regards the match. One of the Emperor Soulouque's generals heard of these artificial eyes, and wrote to Paris to order one. The ocularist flattered himself that a successful eye would secure for him one of the Haytien crosses, and devoted his utmost intelligence to the production of a *chef d'œuvre*. Six months elapsed—a small box reached him from Hayti. A cross glittered in his imagination, when lo! to his horror, within the folds of cotton lay his original eye, accompanied by the following note: 'Sir—The eye you forwarded me is of a tint that resembles that of the Spanish flag, and I am too patriotic to wear any but the color of my country.' The ocularist proceeded at once to the admiralty, there ascertained the colors of the Haytien flag, and then manufactured a scarlet and green eye, which he forwarded by the earliest opportunity."

CLEVER!

Master Jack (after disputing obstinately the right of the company to charge for the animal at all).—"Well, I shall only pay half-fare for him, 'cause he's ever so much under twelve, you know, old fellow!"

Remarks on Eating.

Prof. Blot says it is a fact beyond all question that the intellectual and moral faculties of man are influenced in a large degree in their operations by those physical conditions which are dependent upon our food. Physiology proves that it is the contraction of the muscles that produces wrinkles; therefore, a person whose food is properly prepared will always appear younger and more beautiful than one who follows no scientific principles in his eating. Good food, properly prepared, will keep his muscles in order and elastic. Any one, male or female, young or old, starting with a good stomach, can keep healthy and in good flesh with proper food; it is only necessary to select the kind required by the constitution, and prepare it judiciously. It is not what we eat that makes us fat, but what we digest. Bad food may bring a temporary bloatedness, but not the plumpness of good health. He agreed with the opinion expressed by Thomas Jefferson, as well as by a celebrated New York clergyman, that good things have been made by the Creator for good people. Another thing in food, it ought always to be prepared according to the age of the person for whom it is intended, and for the sex, as well as according to the climate and the season. In winter more fatty matter is necessary to be eaten than at any other time of the year. In spring, greens, which purify the blood and remove the bile occasioned by eating fatty substances in the winter. In winter we need more bile; in the spring we must get rid of it if we would be healthy. When warm or hot weather comes we must supply the wasted system by eating meat. Meat is better in summer than anything else. It is a great mistake to suppose that vegetables are the best for the stomach at this season of the year. He recommends roast beef for summer. Skim off the fat. Don't bring fat to the table.

AGRICULTURAL.

Cosmo's Column.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Butter.

We have lately witnessed the *modus operandi* of butter-making for the Philadelphia market, and by observational experience have incontestibly clinched a fact that forty years ago ought to have been patent to every "Dairyman's Daughter" in the world—a fact that three-fifths of all butter-makers everywhere would to-day very greatly profit by the knowledge and practice of. Common sense, cleanliness, and correct management, are the necessities that lie behind all good butter, and if these were universally practised, there would be infinitely fewer calamities in the form of confiscated "light weight," confoundedly bad butter, and not a lithe of rejected fourteen-horse power "prints" left over to go finally at half-price to bakers and confectioners to poison perfidious pastry.

At the model dairy farm of Thomas Hopkins, Esq., Upper Providence, Montgomery county, Pennsylvania, we saw one morning last week, the common-sense economy of butter-making—a great cylinder churn the size of a sugar hogshead, and as sweet, suspended out doors, under a green tree, revolved by horse-power, transmuting in thirty minutes, more or less, a barrel and a-half of rich, sweet cream into sixty, seventy, eighty, it may be, pounds of as superior, first class golden butter as Goshen, Orange county, or any other county in this world ever presented to the tongue of an appreciating epicure.

In the process there were none of the complicated rules and quicksilver adjuncts so often claimed in news and agricultural papers to be prime necessities of good butter observed: The law of manufacture was common sense, cleanliness, horse-power, and manual labor. Miss Lizzie, dairy field marshal, does not use or endorse any of the patent butter workers. Some of them may do, she thinks, where a few pounds only are to be worked, and the consumption is to be immediate; but as their action breaks up the "grain" and renders the butter lardy, salvy—greasy, if you please, she discards them, preferring to manipulate the material by hand. And this she does so deftly and expeditiously, that the whole process of transforming the great yellow mass into golden pound and half-pound "prints" is rather a graceful, healthful hour's play-spell than a task of exhaustive labor.

Rapid as the manipulations of each pound or half-pound print are, every particle of buttermilk is expelled, while the "grain" remains undisturbed and intact, so that passing a knife through a pound print, even in summer time, the blade exhibits almost as little of salvy grease as though it had cut a loaf of fresh bread instead.

Such butter never goes begging in any market, whatever may be the supply, and invariably commands maximum prices; while the greasy, hairy, hideous compounds hang heavily on the hands of producers, as heavily on the stomachs of consumers, who, from lack of a supply of a better article, are obliged to buy and eat the greasy, strong, frowy stuff, or go butterless to bed.

There are several common sense rules necessary to be always observed in the manufacture of good butter, and as we are personally wanting in some of these points, we are going to apply to headquarters—to our dimity, dairy field marshal herself for such brief rules and instructions as being duly Posted, will enable several thousand butter-makers to supply, and more thousands to purchase and eat better butter in the future.

Pasture Shade.

There is no use in argument *per contra*. Arguing from cause to effect is the only true common sense basis of all argument, and the farmer or dairyman who imprisons his stock in summer time in a treeless pasture as barren of shade shelter as a brick-yard, arguing that a tree which at noon during the summer's solstice throws a shadow over a circle forty feet in diameter, making a grateful shade for twenty head of cattle, is a total waste of pasturage on the entire shaded area, builds a baseless fabric of argument unsupported by a single philosophical fact.

True, horses, and cows, and sheep do not, like humanity, fall down in the field and die, overcome by sudden sunstroke. Better for their proprietors and the animals themselves if such were the results in many instances. Many a valuable animal has been rendered entirely valueless by thirst and overheating in a shadeless pasture, suffering intense torture from two causes, while the humane master, only carelessly cruel, never happens to remember that anything else animate besides humanity can possibly need the protection of an umbrella, or require a cool, refreshing draught on a sultry summer day.

Now suppose a pasture of twenty acres is occupied by twenty milk cows, and has in it a single shade tree which shades a circle of forty feet diameter on which no grass can grow; but which unshaded would afford pasturage for one cow continuously during the out-feeding season. Call the value of that pasturage twenty-five cents per day, which will be the maximum, and considerably above the average. Very well—the tree affords ample shelter for the entire herd during the three months in which they most require noon-day shade. Without any such shelter three days of consecutive sultry, oppressive heat will reduce the flow of milk, making at a moderate estimate, one quart per cow, worth for all dairy purposes five cents per quart, $1 per day in the aggregate against the twenty-five cents loss of pasturage. Then the loss of flesh and animal vigor—constitutional demoralization, if you please, consequent upon such a condition, is a loss much more serious than that of the quart of milk from each cow per day.

It is always difficult to bring up by any means the flow of milk that has been run down by any such cause, much more difficult to restore a vigorous and healthful tone to the animal structure that has been impaired by exposure to the roasting rays of a midsummer's sun, so that drawing the balance in the premises justly, we shall find the argument overwhelmingly in favor of pasture shade.

Our Home Prospects.

During the past week, spent in carefully canvassing a portion of the garden region of eastern Pennsylvania, we have found everywhere farm facts forty times more satisfactory than the thousand and three moans, groans, dreary reports and desponding prophecies put forth verbally and newspaperially of "no fruit," "wheat killed," "poor prospect for corn," "short hay crops," and all such crazy, wicked nonsense.

Of wheat, there was probably never more afield in all the region we traversed, and no man living ever saw the crop in finer condition or more promising for an abundant harvest. There may be vicissitudes that between this and the time of cutting, say a month hence, may possibly change the aspect of wheat affairs with us. But, as these are only possibilities, not a probability in sight, where is the sense or what the necessity for croaking?

Corn is ten days, perhaps two weeks, behind time. But it is all up remarkably uniform, the last week of growing weather has hurried it forward wonderfully, and no drought intervening, the middle of July will see the corn in stature and promise quite up to its usual condition at that period in our best corn seasons. Of rye, there is an unusual breadth afield, everywhere good, and an extraordinary harvest a fixed fact.

Oats have been held back, like corn, by our lazy, lagging spring, but they are coming forward famously now, never looked better, and no one ever saw more of them within the same limits. Hay, though short in stature, is almost universally uncommonly thickly set, so that as the promise is now that the crop will not be beyond a medium one in quantity, its superior quality will make it, on the whole, something above the average.

Of the fruit crop all the berries, both wild and cultivated, promise an abundant yield; so of cherries, though all of them will be a little late. Plums are already beginning to go down under the crescent curse of the "Little Turk," and as usual will amount to next to nothing. Peaches on all grafted trees are *now set*, the "natives" are nearly all bearing. There will be a good many peaches after all—pears a great many. Apples are distributed moderately over all the apple trees—in the aggregate, enough for the demand. If the balance of the country will contribute as liberally as eastern Pennsylvania, we shall have no bread or fruit famine this year.

RECEIPTS.

Hair Oil.

Fellow women, and men, too, listen please, while I say to you honestly and earnestly that at last we have something infinitely better for our hair, and heads as well, than the thousand and three nostrums inflicted upon us by charlatans and quack pretenders. My experience has proven it beyond question so far as I am concerned. Please follow "copy," and if you shall find it fail, why, you have your old favorites to fall back upon. Don't you see?

Take half a dozen pods of the common red pepper, either green or dried, crush, but not pulverize; put them in a wide-mouthed glass bottle holding say a quart,—a pickle bottle is just the thing. Fill the bottle nearly with *glycerine*,—to be had at almost every drug store; during a week or ten days shake the contents occasionally, drain off the glycerine into convenient jars, and it is ready for service. Apply precisely as you would any of the hair oils, comb and brush thoroughly down to the scalp, and the application is completed. There is nothing injurious to the skin or hair in the material, while it cleanses and invigorates the hair, making it soft and glossy, and promotes its healthful growth. It frees the scalp from scurf, scales, and dandruff, and next best of all, there is no soiling of bonnets, head-dresses, towels, and pillow-cases from the use of *Cayennized Glycerine*. Depend upon it, ladies and gentlemen, it is well worth a trial. Madeline.

Receipts by Prof. Blot.

Good Coffee.—Prof. Blot, in a recent lecture, gave some directions for a cup of coffee. To make an excellent dish, add to one pound of Java two ounces Mocha, two ounces Rio, two ounces of Martinique or any other kind. Roast your own coffee if possible. It loses about sixteen per cent. in roasting. Otherwise buy the roasted berry and grind. Keep it in a tight tin dish covered. The coffee was made as follows: To four tablespoonsful of Java, half spoonful of Mocha for a quart. Place the grounds in an Old Dominion coffee-pot without the top; just wet them at the first boiling of the water in the tea-kettle, and cover in a moment; turn in more boiling water once or twice, according as the grounds rise to the top. In two minutes your coffee is done and will pour off as clear as spring water.

Roast Meats.—In baking meat, no matter what kind, always put in some broth. The top of an oven is always the warmest. To prevent from burning, grease a paper with butter and put on the top of the article baking. This will keep the top of the meat or bread as moist as the bottom. The paper prevents the steam from rising. You need only to baste the paper occasionally. Some meats require less time to bake than others. Pork and veal, to be healthy, should always be overdone.

Speaking of trichinæ in meat, the professor said that if the meat is over-cooked there was no danger from it. Many people have eaten diseased meat without injury. A whole brigade of the French army, in 1793—and it was an historical fact—was fed on diseased meat for four or five months; and at the end of that time the men were apparently as healthy as those of other brigades who ate wholesome meat. The fact of it was, the diseased meat was over-cooked, and the men did not know the difference.

The professor could not recommend diseased meat, but the object of referring to the subject was simply to show the importance, sometimes, of over-cooking meat.

Cake with Almonds.—The following receipt was given for making cake with almonds:—Pound two ounces of sweet blanched almonds with two ounces fine white sugar. Mix in a bowl two ounces of sugar and four yolks of eggs. Mix the almond paste into the bowl little by little. The almonds may be blanched or skinned by being dipped a short time in boiling water, when they peel easily. Wash the mixture in your bowl well. The four whites beat to a stiff froth and mix in well with the rest.

THE RIDDLER.

Enigma.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 25 letters.
My 1, 11, 15, 4, 8, is a workman.
My 18, 22, 6, is an animal.
My 20, 14, 12, 21, 8, 16, 12, is a rank in the army.
My 13, 2, 1, 24, 15, is a man's name.
My 3, 19, 8, 7, is the name of a lady.
My 5, 9, 23, 4, 15, 24, is what we like when weary.
My 10, 16, 2, 17, 9, 25, is an instrument very useful to farmers.
My whole is the name of a distinguished Tennesseean, who participated in the past war on the side of the Union.

WILL A. McFEER.

Gamble's Store, East Tenn.

Riddle.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am found in the mountain, but not in the hill;
I dwell in the fountain, but not in the rill;
I am always in use, but never at work;
I love not the Moslem, but dwell with the Turk;
Though seen in the beauty, I love not the pretty;
Am fond of the country, but like not the city;
Though found in the humble, I cling to the proud;
In the multitude often, but ne'er with the crowd;
You may find me in language, although I am dumb;
I ne'er frequent the tavern, but always in rum;
I never am constant, yet you'll find me true;
To find out the riddle, I now leave to you.

Irwin Station, Pa. W. H. MORROW.

Riddle.

A noun there is of plural number,
Foe to peace and tranquil slumber;
If any other noun you take,
By adding s you plural make;
But if an s you add to this,
Strange is the metamorphosis,
Plural is plural now no more,
And sweet what bitter was before.

Problem.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Two persons are on opposite sides of a wood 1,440 yards in circumference; they both start at the same time, and travel around the wood in the same direction—A at the rate of 24 yards in 8 minutes, and B at the rate of 11 yards in 1 minute. How many times will A have to go around the wood to overtake B?

MORGAN STEVENS.

☞ An answer is requested.

Mathematical Problem.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Suppose an eagle 160 miles due north of Philadelphia, a hawk 182 miles south of Philadelphia, and a pigeon *at* Philadelphia. They all commenced flying at the same time; the pigeon flew east 30 degrees south, at a uniform rate of speed; the hawk and eagle both flew directly towards the pigeon continually; the hawk flew at the rate of 40 miles an hour; the eagle flew at the rate of 50 miles an hour, and they both caught the pigeon at the same instant. Required—The nature of the *curves* described by the hawk and eagle; the hourly speed of the pigeon, and the distance each had flown when the pigeon was caught.

ARTEMAS MARTIN.

Franklin, Venango co., Pa.

☞ An answer is requested.

Problem.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I have a wooden sphere nine inches in diameter. Required—the solidity of the greatest cube that can be whittled from it.

W. H. MORROW.

Irwin Station, Pa.

☞ An answer is requested.

Conundrums.

☞ Why are gentlemen like chapels? Ans.—Because there is no living with them.

☞ Why are ladies like churches? Ans.—Because there is no living without them.

☞ When rain falls does it ever get up again? Ans.—Of course it does, in dew time.

☞ What word is that which signifies a part of England, but without its first letter, the reward of labor; without its second, anger; without its third it becomes king in a foreign language? Ans.—Shire.

☞ What would a spider in a hurry do? Ans.—Take a fly and spin away.

☞ Why is it probable that Moses wore a wig? Ans.—Because he was sometimes seen with Aaron (*hair on*) and sometimes without.

Answers to Last.

MISCELLANEOUS ENIGMA—John Greenleaf Whittier. ENIGMA—"United we stand, divided we fall. DOUBLE ACROSTIC—Transport—Emigrants.

1.	T ongu	E
2.	R efor	M
3.	A nt	I
4.	N utme	G
5.	S lumbe	R
6.	P olk	A
7.	O rga	N
7.	R esis	T
9.	T hieve	S

Answer to Augustus's PROBLEM of March 10th—Each side of the box 47 inches; and the box will hold 32 bushels, 1 quart and 1 pint of grain, leaving yet an empty space of 7.4 cubic inches. David Diefenbach.

☞ A church in Baltimore has as its motto upon the outer wall, "To the poor the Gospel is preached." One morning these words were painted under it, "Not here, though."

☞ Pumps is such a thorough teetotaller that he declares he would rather have a watery grave than be preserved in spirits.